THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1988. }

WATER-LILIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Down on the lake where the waters sleep
In a trance of leafy gloom,—
Rocked ceaselessly by the lulling swell,
In an endless waste of bloom,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Unbosom their rich perfume.

Oh, fragrantly, after the stars go out,
And the silent night is done,
When their morning chorus of thankfulness
The wood-birds have begun,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Look up to their lord, the sun.

And a spell like that which the lotus owns,
Steals over the charmed air,
When, folding away their shining leaves
So wondrously white and fair,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Their golden hearts lay bare.

White angels of the crystal lake
These gorgeous blossoms be,—
There is never a touch of soiling dust
On their radiant drapery,—
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies,
Emblems of purity!

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART IV.

MARY GORING.*

So that warning chill had worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? Was it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw *them* together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying what a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed at for hinting at any objection to it. Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Francis Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me: and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, or could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge; none difficult to overrule. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly heart-whole; but she went again at Midsummer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea-side, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, thrown, as she was, into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the first week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at an hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained,—nine weeks! and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more time he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, just as hard as he could in his chambers. So he was: studying the sweet face and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were climbings up the cliffs; and ramblings on the beach, after sea-shells; and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingerings in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment with Miss Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and talking sentiment by moonlight!" I uttered in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me!"

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that ever were written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Tea came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara, and, standing close by, was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight? People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw those two growing fond of each other, she could not have despatched a hint of it to me by the post! "What could Lady Elliot have been thinking of?" I inquired.

"Bless you, she saw nothing of it," returned Miss Graves. "Her idea was that William haunted us for the sake of taking care of Clara, and she was rarely out with us herself. She makes so much of Mr. William: she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no great harm done. When I was Mary Goring's age, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least."

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to disparage Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition, all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment, all heart. The one *would* be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves: she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Besides, it would not undo what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl: a serene look of inward happiness, an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving way to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the damask flush in Mary's cheeks to change into glowing, conscious crimson. It is true Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so: run down to see his mother and sister, by, perhaps an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once: I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face: and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently, to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. William calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing."

The crosses one's good resolutions meet with! the *ruses* young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, that same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing-room, laying down so cleverly our plans for their separation, they were together, in the dining-parlor below us! Upon my going into that apartment some time afterwards, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Enjoying each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night; in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with a feather" could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one.

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously, I fear, as politeness to a guest demands, "I did not know you were here, sir. Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

Not long! It came into my mind, as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as of some one being shown in, a full hour before.

I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, his winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—If they won over to them my old heart, what must they have done by Mary's? I took my resolution: it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up-stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves.

"Mr. Elliot," I began, in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and open countenance. There was no guile there.

"Is what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the sea-side. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

"Why not, Miss Halliwell?"

"Why not! I hear of ramblings on the sands and moonlight interviews in the garden—you, with Mary Goring. Was this well done, sir?"

"It was not ill done," was his reply.

"Mr. Elliot," I continued, "I am a plain-speaking old body, but I have had some experience in life, and I find that plain-speaking answers best in the end. You must be aware that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl; and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"I will not deny it; I have tried to win them. Because, dear Miss Halliwell," he added, advancing to me, and speaking with emotion, "because she first gained mine. I love Miss Goring, truly, fervently, with a love that will end but with my life. From the first day I saw her here, when poor Clara said she had found a new sister—you may remember it—she never ceased to haunt me; her face and its sweet expression, her manners, her gentle voice, were in my mind continually, and I knew they could only belong to a good, pure, and refined nature. It did not take long companionship, when we were thrown together, to perfect that love; and, that done, I did set myself out, as you observe, to win hers, in exchange. I trust I have succeeded."

If I had raced up to the top of the Monument (where I have never yet ventured,) the run could not more effectually have taken away my breath and my senses than this bold avowal, which to my ears sounded as much like rhapsody as reason.

"And what, in the name of wonder, do you promise yourself by all this, sir?" I asked, when my amazement could find speech. "What end?"

"There is but one end that an avowal, such as mine, could have in view, Miss Halliwell. The end, the hope, that Miss Goring will become my wife."

"Well, you will excuse me, Mr. Elliot," I said, after a long stare at him, "but I fear you must be crazed."

He burst out laughing.

"Why do you fear that?"

"There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of your marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

He did not speak for some moments, and I saw the color mount to his brow.

"What is your objection to me, Miss Halliwell?"

"I suppose you are playing on my simplicity, sir, to ask what *my* objection is," I replied. "It is your family that the objection will come from, not mine. The son of the great Sir Thomas Elliot will never be suffered to wed simple Mary Goring."

"Miss Goring is of gentle blood," he remonstrated.

"I trust she is," I said, drawing myself up, "though we, the sisters of her mother, are obliged to keep a school for our living. But your friends will look at position, as well as gentle blood. May I ask, sir, if Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot know of this?"

"Not yet."

"As I thought, Mr. Elliot. Your romance with my niece must end this night."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Halliwell."

"Sir, it *shall*. And I must observe that you have acted a cruel part. A young lady's affections are not be played with like a football. However, you have seen her for the last time."

"Allow me to see her once more," he rejoined.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"For an instant only, in your presence," he earnestly pleaded. "Surely that can do no harm, if we are to part."

Something came into my brain, just then, about George Archer—a vision of my last interview with him in Lord Seaford's park.

"Why should I deny these two a final adieu?" I asked myself. So I relented, and called Mary down—and was exceedingly sorry for my pains.

She shrank to my side when she came in, but William Elliot drew her from me.

"I have been avowing to your aunt how matters stand," he said. "She would persuade me to relinquish you; she thinks such love as ours can be thrown off at will. So I requested your presence here, Mary, that we might assure her our engagement is of a different nature; that we are bound to each other by ties irrevocable in the spirit, as they hereafter shall be made in reality."

So that was all I got by calling Mary. She had paled, and blushed, and faltered, and now she began to cry and shake. Mr. William leaned over her with reassuring words of the deepest tenderness. I saw nothing but perplexity before them, and not one wink of sleep did I get that blessed night.

One day the renowned physician, Sir Thomas Elliot, was not himself. In lieu of the stately imperturbability which characterised the distinguished west-end practitioner, his manners betrayed a nervousness, an absence of mind, never before witnessed. To one lady patient, who consulted him for dyspepsia, he ordered cod-liver oil and port wine; to another, who was deep in consumption, he prescribed leeches, and to live upon barley-water. He had a large influx of patients that day, and an unusual number of calls to make from home. Not until a few minutes before the dinner-hour did he find his time his own.

He went straight to his wife's room, and sat down on a low ottoman which stood in its midst. Lady Elliot glanced round at him, somewhat surprised, for it was not often her liege knight favored her with his presence there in the day. She continued dressing without comment. Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot rarely wasted superfluous words, one upon the other.

"Can't you finish for yourself, and send her away?" cried Sir Thomas, indicating the attendant by a movement of the head.

More surprised still, but not curious (for Lady Elliot, young and handsome as she was yet, really gave one the idea of possessing no interest in what pertained to this present life—or in the one to follow it, for the matter of that,) she dismissed the maid, but did not withdraw herself or her eyes from the glass, as she continued her toilette.

"I did not think, Louisa, you could have been such a fool," was the complimentary opening of Sir Thomas Elliot, in a low tone of intense indignation.

Lady Elliot looked at him—as well she might—and a flush rose to her face. She paused, however, before she spoke, coldly, and resentfully.

"I proved myself that, years ago."

Sir Thomas knew well to what she alluded; to her own hasty and unsanctioned union with himself; and a peevish "tush" broke from his lips.

"You have proved yourself a greater one now, Louisa, and you must pardon my plainness in saying so. If you and I rushed into a headlong marriage, it ought to have been the more reason for your not leading William into one."

"William!" echoed Lady Elliot, in a startled voice. It was, perhaps, the only subject that could arouse her. She idolised her son.

"You have got into this habit of taking your own course, without consulting or referring to me; going here, going there—doing this, doing that," proceeded Sir Thomas. "When you went to Spa for an eternal number of weeks, had you informed me that it was your intention to have William and Miss Goring there also, and make them companions to each other, I should have put a stop to it. Any one but you might have seen the result."

"Result!" faltered Lady Elliot, with a sickening foreshadowing of what was coming.

"Of course," angrily repeated Sir Thomas. "When a young fellow, like William, is thrown for weeks into the society of a girl, lovely and fascinating as—as—the deuce"—Sir Thomas, at the moment, could not think of any more appropriate simile—"only one result can be looked for. And it has turned up in his case."

"You mean—"

"That he is over head and ears in love with her; and has been to me this morning to ask my sanction to the marriage. I wish you joy of your daughter-in-law, Lady Elliot."

Lady Elliot scarcely suppressed a scream.

"It is impossible, it is impossible," she reiterated, in agitation. "I never thought of this!"

"Then you must have lived at Spa with your eyes shut. But I can hardly believe you. To think that you and Eliza Graves could be moping and meandering all those weeks, and not see what was going on under your very noses! Women are the greatest—"

What, Sir Thomas did not say, for he dropped his voice before bringing the sentence to a conclusion.

"I thought William was at Spa an unaccountable time, and wrote him word so, "he continued, "but I never imagined you had got that Miss Goring there."

"You must have known it," returned Lady Elliot.

"How should I?" I saw she was staying here the day or two before you went, but I thought—if I thought at all about it—that as a matter of course she returned home. I say you are always acting for yourself, Lady Elliot, without reference to my feelings—if I have got any, which perhaps you don't believe. When, the morning of the day fixed for your departure, I was summoned in haste out of town, you might have delayed it till the following day. Most wives would. But no, not you! I came back at night and found you gone. How was I to know that you took Miss Goring?"

"It is too preposterous ever really to come to anything," observed Lady Elliot, eager to find comfort in the opinion. "William, with his personal beauty, his talents, and his prospects, might marry into a Duke's family if he chose."

"Exactly. But he chooses to marry into that of a schoolmistress."

"He must not 'choose,'" persisted Lady Elliot, growing excited; "he must be brought to reason."

"Brought to what?" asked the knight.

"Reason."

"I don't know," was the significant reply. "'Reason' did not avail in a similar case with you or with me. William may prove a chip of the old block."

"It never can be permitted," said Lady Elliot, vehemently. "Marry Mary Goring! It would be disgracing him for life. William would never be so ungrateful."

"Leaving your ladyship the agreeable reflection that you were the chief bringer about of the disgrace. Looking at the affair dispassionately, I do not see how it is to be prevented. William possesses money, independent of us. Enough to live upon."

"Enough to starve upon!" scornfully interrupted Lady Elliot.

"Twice, nearly thrice, as much as we enjoyed for many years of our early life," rejoined Sir Thomas, in a subdued voice. "And to themselves, who are just now spoony with fantastic visions, 'Love in a cottage' may wear the appearance of love in a paradise."

"Can nothing be done—can *nothing* stop it?" reiterated Lady Elliot.

"One thing may. I should have put it in force this morning, but that I certainly thought you must have been a party to the scheme, after what William let out of the goings-on at Spa."

"And that thing?" she eagerly asked.

"To forbid it on pain of my curse. As I believe our parents very nearly did by us. I do not think William would brave it."

Lady Elliot pressed her hand over her eyes, as if she would shut out recollection of the years which had followed her rebellious marriage. The retrospect was one of dire anguish: far worse, in all probability, than had been the reality. Her husband turned to leave the room. She sprang after him, and drew him back.

"Oh, Thomas! anything but that. Never curse our boy, whatever betide. Think of the misery our disobedience entailed on us. Do not force *him* into it."

"Then you will let him marry the girl?"

"Yes. If the only alternative must be our fate over again for him."

"He comes to-night for the answer," continued Sir Thomas, standing with the door in his hand. "What is it to be? Consent? I leave the decision to you: for I will not, in this matter, subject myself to after-reproaches."

"Consent," she replied. But Lady Elliot wrung her hands in anger as she said it. She had anticipated so much more brilliant an alliance for her son.

So sunshine came into our dwelling, for William Elliot hastened down, and laid his proposals before us for Mary. I could not believe my own ears. He frankly stated that Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot were not *cordially* inclined to the match, for they had looked to his choosing rank and wealth; but they had not withheld their consent, and, he was certain, Mary would soon win her way to their entire love. Perhaps this was as much as Mary could have hoped for, indeed more; for in point of worldly greatness William Elliot was above her. I suggested that they should not marry until the "entire love" of Sir Thomas Elliot and his wife had been obtained, but Mr. William laughed at me, and of course Mary thought with him. They were both in a maze of enchantment, and common sense was put out of the question.

For a few weeks our house was the pleasantest of the pleasant. Preparations were set on foot for the approaching union. Mary's things were bought, and Mr. William took a pretty abode in the Regent's Park. He did adopt my advice in one particular, and that was, to begin life in a small way: more in accordance with his own than his father's income. A good fortune must come to him at the demise of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, but they might live many years. So he agreed to set off in a very moderate style—for him—though *I* thought it a sufficiently sumptuous one. One man and two maid-servants—no carriage, only Mr. William's horse, which he said he *could* not give up. Ah! what delightful discussions we had on those warm evenings, not one of which did Mr. William ever fail to spend with us. He had discovered that dining in the middle of the day was good for his constitution, and never felt well, he protested, without an early tea, which he could not get at home, so begged leave to join us. It was quite an every-day thing, now, for us to take it in the drawing-room. I don't know whether Mary saw through his depth, about his constitution and his early teas, but I did, and was pleased, and a merry party we used to make. Sometimes he would get me to give Mary a lesson in housekeeping, and set himself to listen with a serious face, while all the time those handsome eyes of his would be dancing with merriment. "About legs of mutton and apple-tarts," he would say, which would send Frances Goring off in fits of laughter, almost as bad as poor Clara Elliot's. I would sometimes give them an opportunity of being alone together—for I remembered my own early days, and the rapture that was mine when I had a solitary moment with George Archer. I limited their interviews to three minutes: at the last tick of the third, in I would pop to the drawing-room again, which speed, I believe, rather exasperated Mr. William. One evening, as soon as tea was over, he asked me to let Mary go out walking with him, but I declined, and offered myself instead; and he never asked again. Not, I hope, that any one will suppose I thought ill of William Elliot. A more honorable young man never breathed; and I could have trusted Mary with him anywhere: but my dear mother brought me up to observe these punctilious manners, and I cannot get out of them. But they did not want for opportunities of being alone together. Mary was occasionally invited with Clara to spend the day at Lady Elliot's—who, I may mention, was growing less cool to her with every visit, more like she had used to be before she knew of her son's preference. The carriage would bring them home at night, escorted by Mr. William, and a nice time those two must have had of it, for Clara was sure to go to sleep the moment they got in, and never wake till they got out. Plenty of opportunity, then, for talking secrets; but it jarred against my old-fashioned notions, and I hinted as much to Mr. William. How he laughed! and I laughed, too, when he told me I was a good old dragon of a guardian. Then, changing to seriousness, he took my hand in his, and whispered me with that sweet, earnest expression on his face, that I could not protect Mary more faithfully than he would, for that she was dearer to him than ever she was to me.

An end came to it—alas! alas! as I think it mostly does come to all things that are joyous and bright in life. And then I asked myself how I could ever have been deluded into the belief that the son of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot would really espouse Mary Goring.

A telegraphic summons came early one morning to the popular physician, Sir Thomas Elliot. He was wanted, in all haste, at Middlebury, a town a few hours' journey from London by rail. Sir Thomas hastened to the Paddington station, caught the express-train, and was with his patient, a lady, in the afternoon. Her medical attendant was a Mr. Ashe: Dr. Ashe, he was often styled in Middlebury: and a Mr. Warburton had also been called in. When in conversation, the discourse of the medical men led to matters foreign to their patient—no very rare occurrence in medical consultations.

"I should like to know what her previous constitution has been," remarked Sir Thomas to Dr. Ashe, speaking in reference to the patient. "I presume you have been her usual medical attendant."

"No, I have not," replied Dr. Ashe; "this is the first time I have attended her. Dr. Goring used to be the family attendant. But she must have enjoyed pretty good health, for he has been dead—let me see—more than two years, and no one has been called in to her since."

Dr. Goring! Sir Thomas Elliot pricked up his ears, and a flash of intelligence darted into his mind. She, who was soon to be his son's wife, was a native of Middlebury, and the daughter of a medical man. This Dr. Goring, then, must have been her father. He would ask a few particulars.

"What sort of a man was Dr. Goring?" he suddenly said. "Respectable? Popular?"

"Very much so," was the reply of Dr. Ashe.

"Until that nasty business occurred, about his wife," broke in Mr. Warburton. "He lost both respect and popularity then."

"What business was that?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"She was recovering from an illness—one of the nicest little women you ever saw—in fact, all but well," observed Dr. Ashe. "I had seen her in the morning—for I attended her with all her children—and told her that the next day she might move into the drawing-room. That was about eleven o'clock. By five in the afternoon she was dead."

"What from!" inquired the physician.

"Poison, Sir Thomas."

"Poison!" echoed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"Strychnia. Not a common poison then."

"By whom administered?"

"There was the question," said Dr. Ashe. "It has never been cleared up, from that day to this. With some people, poor Goring got credit of it: but I believe the man to have been as innocent as I was."

Sir Thomas Elliot rose from his chair in a perturbed manner. His son about to marry the daughter of a man suspected of ——! He sat down again.

"The case was published in the *Lancet*," resumed Dr. Ashe. "Of course without casting any conjectures as to the administerer."

"I remember now—I remember reading it," cried Sir Thomas. "But it never struck me that—— What were the grounds for suspecting the husband?"

"In my opinion, I say, there were no grounds," repeated Dr. Ashe. "I never saw a more affectionate husband than Goring was: and he had nothing to gain by her death. Everything to lose."

"The insurance money," suggested Mr. Warburton.

"Nonsense! I know a few cast that in his teeth: very unjustly, if they had only considered the facts. Mrs. Goring had a clear income of £300 a year, an annuity, which died with her. Did not go to her husband or children, understand, Sir Thomas; absolutely died with her. She had insured her own life, some years before, for two thousand pounds—or three, I forget, now—for the benefit of her children. But what is two or three thousand pounds in comparison with three hundred a year? And Goring did not touch the money: he invested it for the children. He was a maligned man."

"Was he accused of the crime?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Oh no, no; nothing of that. At his wife's interment—*I* never saw such a crowd in the churchyard before—some voices hissed at him, 'Murderer!' 'Poisoner!' that was the extent. But if ever grief was genuine in this world, it was Goring's for the loss of his wife. They were on the wrong scent," muttered Dr. Ashe, in a lower tone.

"Dr. Goring, unfortunately, did not show out quite clear upon another point," interrupted Mr. Warburton. "There was a governess residing with them, a Miss Howard, and he was too attentive to her: but Goring was a free man at all times in his manners with women. Some said it was her fault; that she laid herself out to attract him: and, altogether, the affair had given pain and annoyance to Mrs. Goring. So Miss Howard received warning to leave, and the little Gorings were to be sent to school. Before the change was made, Mrs. Goring was poisoned."

"Was this governess suspected?" inquired Sir Thomas Elliot.

"I don't know what other people may have done," interposed Dr. Ashe, warmly. "I had my opinion upon the point, and always shall have. But it does not do to speak out one's opinions too freely. There was no proof."

"Where was the strychnia procured?"

"From Goring's own surgery. At least, such was the conclusion drawn, for he kept some there. Though whether the bottle had been touched or not, he could not himself tell.

---

* We published this chapter about two years ago. But its own powerful interest, and the new light it gains from the chapters which have preceded, and that which is to follow it, justify a republication, now that we give the story entire.

Mrs. Goring had dined, and was asleep on her bed, the nurse having gone to her dinner. During her absence the poison was introduced into a glass of water, which, as was customary, stood at the bedside, and Mrs. Goring, when she awoke, drank it. Goring was in the garden the whole of this time, never came into the house at all, as the servants testified, until aroused by the screams in Mrs. Goring's room. Miss Howard was in the dining-room, which adjoined the surgery, and the servants equally testified that if she had wanted to go up-stairs, they must have heard her. So the case was wrapped in mystery, and remains so."

"The worst feature was, Dr. Goring's marrying the woman afterwards," observed Mr. Warburton.

"Marrying *her!* the governess?" exclaimed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"He did. She was dismissed from the house on Mrs. Goring's death; but, twelve months afterwards, Miss Howard became Mrs. Goring."

"Why, the man must have been mad!" uttered Sir Thomas.

"He was wrong there," said Dr. Ashe. "I told him so. But what I said went for nothing, for he was bent upon it. His death was a mystery also; I never could fathom it. He married this girl, Sir Thomas, went off with her for a fortnight, and came back, so changed that we hardly knew him. He started on the journey a gay, healthy man; he returned wasted in frame, broken in spirits, and in two months was laid in his wife's grave. There was no particular complaint, but he wasted away to death; literally *pined* away, it seemed."

"And pined in silence," added Mr. Warburton, "for he never would acknowledge himself ill."

"I see, gentlemen," returned Sir Thomas, "it was a bad affair altogether, from beginning to end: one not too well calculated to bear the light of day."

"At any rate the light of day has never been thrown upon it," answered Dr. Ashe.

"And the daughter of such a man shall never become William's wife," mentally concluded Sir Thomas Elliot. "But, to go back to the next room, gentlemen," he added, aloud. "My opinion—"

We need not follow their consultation for their patient. It came to an end, and Sir Thomas Elliot went steaming up to town again by the first train. It happened to be a slow train, stopping at every station, which drove the physician into a fever nearly as great as that of the poor lady he had been to visit, he was so intensely eager to meet his wife. A compliment he had not paid her of recent years.

Lady Elliot seized with avidity upon the information. It was a pretext for *demanding* of William to break off the match. "Of course," she said, "he will not think of entering upon the connexion now."

A presentiment struck me that something was wrong when Ann came into the school-room, and Sir Thomas Elliot wanted me. These presentiments do come across us sometimes, without our knowing why or wherefore. Do they ever fail of being borne out? Never, with me. Surely there was nothing unusual, nothing to create surprise or uneasiness, in Sir Thomas Elliot's paying us a morning visit, connected as our families were about to be; yet before I got to the drawing-room door, all that was to take place seemed to flash upon me. Sir Thomas turned round at my entrance, and prefixed what he had to say, by stating that he had been called to Middlebury, the previous day, on professional business.

"I am aware of it, sir," I said. "Mr. William took tea with us last evening, and mentioned that you were gone there."

"How did he know?" growled Sir Thomas, under his breath. "Called in and heard it from his mother, I suppose. Well, madam, to be brief—for I have patients waiting now for me at home, and knew not how to spare time for coming here—I am concerned to tell you that I received an account of the late Dr. Goring ('Doctor,' as I hear him universally called, though I find he was only a general practitioner) which has considerably surprised me."

"In what way, sir?" I asked, with calmness. Though, indeed, my heart was fluttering sadly.

"Why, madam, can you be ignorant that—you must pardon my speaking plainly: I only repeat the statement as it was given to me—that Dr. Goring was suspected of having poisoned his wife?"

"Oh, sir!" I interrupted, "do not, I pray you, speak so injuriously of the dead. Dr. Goring was an honorable man, of a kind, good nature, a gentleman and a scholar, one not capable of so dreadful a crime. I am cognisant of all the particulars, and I assert that whoever accused Dr. Goring of killing her, was guilty of a wicked calumny."

"But he *was* suspected," urged Sir Thomas.

"Not by those who knew him, who knew the circumstances."

"There was some one else mixed up in the affair: a governess?"

"Unhappily there was," I answered. "Say, rather, the author of it all, Sir Thomas," I added, with emphasis. "But I whisper this only to you."

"Who afterwards became Dr. Goring's wife?" continued Sir Thomas, looking steadfastly at me.

"I am ashamed to say she did."

"Well, madam, this is just what I have heard. We will not differ about minor details, the facts are the same. Under the circumstances, you cannot be surprised that I have this morning forbidden my son to think more of Miss Goring."

"Oh, Sir Thomas Elliot!" I exclaimed. "It will be a cruel thing!"

"I hope not. I do not wish to hurt the young lady's feelings more than is unavoidable, and I cast no reproach upon *her*. I believe her to be, personally, most estimable. Still, I must have due considerations for my son's honor and for that of *his* family, and a young lady liable to be pointed at as—as—in short, as the daughter of Dr. Goring of Middlebury, cannot be eligible to become William Elliot's wife."

I think he said more; but I was too grieved, too stunned, I may say, to remember what it was. I only knew he peremptorily broke off the negotiation for an alliance with Mary Goring. I watched him get into his carriage, from the window, and I don't know that my heart had ever failed me so painfully in my life. How was I to break it to Mary?

I did not know, though I pondered over it all that livelong day. When evening comes, and she finds it does not bring *him*, I repeated to myself, how can I ever say to her, "Not only this evening is he absent, but for all others?" It will break her heart. Lucy wondered why I absented myself from the school-room, and I could not muster courage to tell her. So the evening came, and I had said nothing, but it brought Mr. William Elliot. I called out to the servants to show him into the dining-room, not to let him come up-stairs, and then ran down myself. "Oh, Mr. William!" I uttered—and for the very life of me I could not help bursting into tears—"what is to be done?"

He took my hands kindly as ever, but his own were unsteady, and his face wore an unnatural paleness.

"What does Mary say? How does she bear it?" were his first words.

"I have not dared to tell her. I did not know how."

"That is well. She had better hear it from me."

"From you! Oh no, Mr. Elliot."

"Believe me, yes," he firmly rejoined. "None can soothe it to her in the telling as I can."

"It is the first shock that will be the worst, and I dread it for her."

He turned from me, put his arm on the window-frame, and leaned his forehead upon it. I did not like to witness his emotion; his whole attitude spoke despair.

"Let me see her," he resumed.

I reflected, and believed it might be best. For what was I, what were we all to her, in comparison with William Elliot?

"One promise, Mr. Elliot," I said. "You are not going to talk to her of a continued engagement, or—a—private marriage? Excuse me, but I have heard of such things being done."

"No; I give you my honor. I have already given it to my mother. This evening is to close my intercourse with Mary, and the interview I ask for, is, that we may bid each other farewell. I have no alternative. None. My mother"—he paused, and a sort of shudder seemed to come over him—"my mother pointed out—that is—I would say that she exacted a promise from me that I would never marry clandestinely; without her full consent. And I gave it."

"Quite right. You could not have done otherwise."

"And now that they have taken this prejudice against Mary's family, to ask for consent would be fruitless. So there is no hope, and I cannot help myself. But they had better"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"have destroyed us both, as her mother was destroyed. It would have been more merciful."

I went up stairs to the drawing-room, and beckoned Mary out.

"Oh, aunt!" she said, "what is all this? Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, dear child, there is," I answered, fondly stroking down her hair, while the ready tears gathered in my eyes. "I have known it all day, and I could not tell you. William Elliot will; he is in the dining-room. Now do not agitate yourself."

"But what is it? Are we"—she trembled excessively—"is he—"

"Go to him, my darling. He will soothe it to you better than I can."

So she went into the room, and Mr. Elliot moved forward, and closed the door behind them, while I paced about in the hall, outside, like a troubled ghost.

It was quite dusk when he came out to leave, but the hall lamp was lighted, and I saw the traces of deep emotion, of tears, on both faces. Yes, on both; and you need not despise William Elliot for that. We don't, many of us, throughout our lives, go through such a trying interview as that had been to him.

"God bless you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, "and thank you for the many courtesies, the kindness, you have shown me. And God bless you, Mary," he added, in a whisper, "and remember what I have said. Though they have succeeded in separating us, though your path must lie one way and mine another, and we may not meet again, you will ever be first in the heart of William Elliot."

The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children! Was it ever exemplified, in any case, more plainly than in this? When my random, thoughtless brother-in-law, Matthew Goring, made love to his daughter's governess, or encouraged her to make it to him—whichever it might be—outraging his wife, outraging his children, outraging me, (I who pointed out his wicked folly to him, and got ridicule from him for my pains,) did he imagine that very folly would be the means, hereafter, of destroying his dearest child's happiness and prospects in life? No. Yet it proved so. Oh, men! you who have wives and children, how careful should you be to tread in the right path! A little dereliction from it may seem to you but a light matter, not worth a thought, only worth the amusement of the moment; it seemed so to Dr. Goring. Yet, for him, what did it bring forth? His wife's destruction; his disgraceful second marriage; his own early death; the breaking up of his children's home, and the driving them out, orphans, into the world. And now the fatality was pursuing even them! Lightly enough does man commit sin, but when on the point of wilfully falling into it, he would do well to pause, and remember that the promises of God are never broken, and that one of those promises is, "I WILL VISIT THE SINS OF FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive. There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist. The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.—*Tales and Essays by John Sterling.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTE'R 18, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any respectable Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The following well known authors, among others, contribute to the columns of THE POST:—

G. P. R. JAMES, author of "Richelieu," "Philip Augustus," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

GRACE GREENWOOD, author of "Greenwood Leaves," &c., &c.

T. S. ARTHUR.

MRS. M. A. DENISON.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

FLORENCE PERCY.

MARTHA RUSSELL.

AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE." &c., &c., &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S. P. It is with Hydrogen Gas that balloons are inflated. For the process of making it, consult that very uncommon book, a treatise on Chemistry. If you live in a city where gas is used for lighting the houses, you have a carburetted hydrogen sufficiently light for the purpose, ready to your hand. If you live in New York, an overplus of gas can be obtained at almost every corner. If in Washington, at the Capitol when Congress is in session. These two latter kinds of gas, it is only fair to add, are not very pure, and are very offensive in the nostrils of decent people. A great deal of balloon-flying, kiting, &c., however, is done with both of them.

Respectfully declined:—"Youth;" "Pearls in the Desert;" "The Music of the Soldier;" "The Pine Trees."

CITY RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

We would suggest to the Directors of our City Railroads—called rather foolishly *Passenger* railroads, as if it were somewhat unusual for a railroad to carry passengers—that two classes of men should be avoided in choosing conductors.

First, that class which evidently owns not only all the stock in the road, but the houses on both sides of the street all the way around. Men of such evident wealth and importance should not be allowed to exclude more humble and needy individuals from the chance of making an honest living.

Secondly, the class of very affectionate men. These should not be called away from their families to serve society as railroad conductors. We think highly of affection—it is, as our friend Morris, of the *Inquirer*, might say, the "balm of hurt minds," which solaces the many cares of life—but there is a proper place and time for everything. Men of such affectionate dispositions that they really cannot assist a young lady out of the cars, without putting their arms around her waist, however careful of their passengers' safety this conduct may prove them to be, are not fit for railroad conductors. Certain of this class already appointed, should be relieved from their duties, and allowed to go home to their interesting wives and families as speedily as possible.

We would suggest further, while we are upon the subject, that there is not the least necessity, except in the case of the sick or otherwise infirm, for the conductors to help the passengers in or out of the cars at all. The cars are built so low, that even a lady can step with the greatest ease out and in, if the conductors will simply clear the platform first, and themselves afterwards. The conductors, especially the affectionate ones, are no doubt great "lady-killers" in their way—but then there are a good many ladies who make use of the cars, who do not care to have the fact officiously thrust upon them that there even are such beings as conductors. The proverb says that "a *word* to the wise is sufficient"—we show our opinion of the wisdom of the class we are addressing, by the number of words we have used in this article.

THE BOLD SOLDIER BOYS.—The volunteer encampment, at Williamsport, in this State, seems to have been a more successful affair than it was supposed it would be. Seven hundred tents, and two hundred marquees for the officers, &c., with the rich uniforms of the soldiery, are said to have made a brilliant appearance. The number of visitors is put down at from fifteen to twenty thousand—number of soldiers, one thousand; being 15 to 20 points of admiration to every soldier.

Among the pieces of artillery present was one eighteen pounder, taken from the Mexicans at the storming of Monterey, with the marks of the steife still visible upon it. Gen. Packer, Gen. Patterson, &c., &c., were present, and reviewed the troops upon what Mrs. Partington calls "the tainted field."

NAPOLEON'S STATUE.

Much discussion has prevailed as to the meaning to be attached to Napoleon's celebrated speech at St. Helena, which is inscribed upon the base of the statue recently erected at Cherbourg, "*I have resolved to rescue at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt.*" The hand of the statue has been represented as ominously pointing towards England, until recently changed by the orders of Louis Napoleon—and the phrase "the marvels of Egypt," has been construed to allude to a contemplated invasion of Great Britain similar to the sudden movement to the banks of the Nile.

And yet the more simple solution is the more probable one. The hand in question really points down to the ground rather than over the channel—and the idea in the Emperor's mind probably was simply that the works of Cherbourg should rival those marvels of Egypt, the Pyramids.

Natural and probable as this view is, the *London Punch* seems to take the inscription in the light of a threat, for it thus throws back a menace, in a recent issue:—

THE SPEECH OF THE STATUE.

AUGUST THE 8TH.

On the broad quay at Cherbourg in bronze he stands mounted,
Arm outstretched—finger pointed—not seawards, they say;
Bareheaded, 'mid bayonets and cannon uncounted,
There NEPHEW does homage to UNCLE to-day.

Is it glorious exemplar, or terrible warning
Dead bronze Uncle to living bronze Nephew supplies?
Stands he there, our Time's Lucifer, Son of the Morning,
To deter by his fall, or inspire by his rise?

If bronze had a voice from those lips monumental
Who can tell us what Sibylline promptings would fall?
If to realisation of dreams Oriental,
Grasping empire to which ALEXANDER'S was small?

Or to knock with armed hand, once again, at the portal
Of Asia, Sphinx-guarded, and mooted by Nile?
To call down the Pyramid's mem'ries immortal
On a new Gallic conquest of Egypt to smile?

Or all Europe to tame? or that island to humble,
Where pigmy BRITANNIA, sea-throned, holds her sway:
That island which saw the Colossus slow crumble
From forehead of iron to ankles of clay.

That island, whose ancient glories are written
At Cressy and Poitiers, in France's best blood:
That small, slow, untiring, untamed, bull-dog Britain,
Whose four feet though you sever, his grip he'll make good.

If that bronze breathe of Britain, 'tis words of dissuasion,
Not of prompting to strike, that those lips should convey;
'Tis the tale of long-planned, ever-baffled invasion,
Of Aboukir, the Nile, and Trafalgar's red bay;

Of hearts that ne'er quailed at a bulletin's swelling tone;
Of pluck by defeat which to conquest up grew;
Of chieftains from BURRARD advancing to WELLINGTON;
For starting-point Walch'ren,—for goal Waterloo.

Yes, ponder the lesson, "Beware of Great Britain."
Such thy bronze Uncle's voice as he frowns o'er the quay:
These the words, all unseen, yet in adamant written
On the statue at Cherbourg that turns from the sea.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—The Philadelphia fire company which recently outraged the New York firemen so much, by playing two streams out of their steam-fire-engine about as high as the "crack" New York company did one, has been invited to revisit that city, in order that some compensation may be made for the insults lavished upon them upon that provoking occasion. This offer to make the *amende honorable* is proof sufficient that New York has not "lost *all* her breed of noble bloods."

In this connection, it is amusing to notice what the Foreman of one of the New York engines says, in a letter to the *Herald:*

We were rejoiced at our *victory(!)* and thankful that they had furnished us an opportunity to show those interested in the matter that *hand engines were more serviceable and available in extinguishing fires than steam engines.*

Next we shall have some New York authority sagely declaring that hand-power is more serviceable and available than steam for all purposes. And this from the so-called "metropolis of America!" Well, well, we suppose that after all the cities are supplied with steam-fire-engines, the overgrown villages will begin to perceive their "availability."

THAT "TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU."—The scientific gentlemen who have been contending for the honor of having first called attention to that wonderful plateau at the bottom of the ocean, seemingly created expressly for the purpose of favoring the laying of an Atlantic Telegraph, will find more or less consolation in the following:—

W. P. Trowbridge, assistant engineer in the coast survey, argues, in his report to Prof. Bache, that the existence of such a plateau is not proved by any soundings yet made. The conclusions of Mr. Trowbridge are sustained by the experience of persons in charge of laying the cable. The quantity of cable payed out for different distances varied in a manner to be accounted for only by the great inequalities of the bottom of the ocean, and quite irreconcilable with the idea of a grand level plain at the bottom of the ocean.

Question.—Who first discovered the great Telegraphic Plateau? *Echo.*—A flat, ob!

☞ MAX MARETZEK having returned from over the water with a new singer for our Gothamite brethren, naturally gives occasion for the following conundrum:—Why is the new prima donna more New Yorkish than the New Yorkers themselves? Because they are only gassy, while she is Gassier.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 229—Adults 105, and children 124.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Mr. Landor, an author whose high reputation it is somewhat difficult to account for—judging the man by his "works"—has been loudly singing to the winds at the ripe age of eighty-four, his character as a respectable man and decent citizen. Falling out with a lady, the wife of a clergyman with whom he had been for years an inmate of great intimacy, he published the grossest libels upon her. Sued for those libels, a friend interfered and had the suit discontinued, Mr. Landor apologising for what he had said. But not long after, he began the writing of anonymous epistles to the lady, and the publication of epigrams aimed at her, of a most filthy and disgusting description. Of course the suit for libel was renewed—and damages to the amount of £1,000 awarded by the jury—his counsel making no defence save that Mr. Landor belonged in fact to a previous age, when greater license was allowed the tongue and pen than the present more refined period tolerates.

The only satisfactory excuse that could be made for Mr. Landor—a failing mind—is placed out of the question by the fact that the epigrams are equal in point of talent to anything he has written. He is therefore without excuse. The probability is that he has led a very immoral life, which so long as the outward proprieties were respected, the world took no account of—but which has at last shown its natural fruit in this total disregard of all the decencies. We cannot conceive of a pure-minded man of between eighty and ninety years of age, being thus suddenly given up, as it were, to an evil demon. Much more reasonable is it to believe that coarseness and impurity have grown and strengthened through long years with continual indulgence, until like a flourishing vine the vile fruit hangs over the wall—startling all who look upon the record of such hoary sin, and startling the owner to find that the world is so shocked at what he has grown to regard a mere trifling peccadillo.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES.

As we have announced a novel by this distinguished author, we may be allowed to call the attention of our readers to the following criticisms upon his works, from several of the highest literary authorities, as we find them quoted in the Biographical Sketch prepared by Mr. Allibone for his forthcoming "Dictionary of Authors." That able periodical, the *Dublin University Magazine*, says of Mr. James:—

"His pen is prolific enough to keep the imagination constantly nourished; and of him, more than of any modern writer, it may be said, that he has improved his style by the mere dint of constant and abundant practice. For, although so agreeable a novelist, it must not be forgotten that he stands infinitely higher as an historian. * * * The most fantastic and beautiful corruscations which the skies can exhibit to the eyes of mankind dart as if in play from the huge volumes that roll out from the crater of the volcano. * * * The recreation of an enlarged intellect is ever more valuable than the highest efforts of a confined one. Hence we find in the works before us, [Corse de Leon, the Ancient Regime, and The Jacquerie,] lightly as they have been thrown off, the traces of study—the footsteps of a powerful and rigorous understanding."

The *Edinburgh Review* concludes some comments upon Mr. James with the remark,

"Our readers will perceive from these general observations that we estimate Mr. James's abilities, as a romance-writer, highly; his works are lively and interesting, and animated by a spirit of sound and healthy morality in feeling, and of natural delineation in character, which, we think, will secure for them a calm popularity which will last beyond the present day."

Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his "Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the Last Fifty Years," says of Mr. James:—

"He belongs to the historical school of fiction, and, like the masters of the art, takes up a real person or a real event, and, pursuing the course of history, makes out the intentions of nature by adding circumstances and heightening character, till, like a statue in the hands of the sculptor, the whole is in fair proportion, truth of sentiment, and character. For this he has high qualities—an excellent taste, extensive knowledge of history, a right feeling of the chivalrous, and a heroic and ready eye for the picturesque; his proprieties are admirable; his sympathy with whatever is high-souled and noble is deep and impressive. His best works are Richelieu and Mary of Burgundy."

While Sir Archibald Alison, in his celebrated "History of Europe," while admitting the force of certain critical objections urged against Mr. James, says:—

"There is a constant appeal in his brilliant pages not only to the pure and generous, but to the elevated and noble sentiments; he is imbued with the very soul of chivalry; and all his stories turn on the final triumph of those who are influenced by such feelings over such as are swayed by selfish or base desires. He possesses great pictorial powers, and a remarkable facility of turning his graphic pen at will to the delineation of the most distant and opposite scenes, manners, and social customs. * * * Not a word or a thought which can give pain to the purest heart ever escapes from his pen; and the mind wearied with the cares and grieved at the selfishness of the world reverts with pleasure to his varied compositions, which carry it back, as it were, to former days, and portray, perhaps in too brilliant colors, the ideas and manners of the olden time."

A large proportion of our subscribers no doubt are well acquainted with Mr. James's writings—but as others may not be, we think well to quote the above criticisms, as a proof that we have promised no mean entertainment to our readers.

NATIONAL HORSE EXHIBITION.—We are requested to call the attention of our readers—especially those in the North West—to the NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF BLOODED AND OTHER HORSES, to be held at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of October. A large number of premiums are announced—varying from $10 to $150. Those who intend making entries for exhibition, should notify the secretary, Geo. F. Kidder, on or before October 1st—though entries may be made up to the 11th, when the books must be completed for the judges. No spirituous liquors are to be allowed on the ground. Hon. Charles E. Stuart is President of the Exhibition.

☞ We suppose that Mr. Walter Savage Landor may now be properly called, using the dialect of our London friends,

"The old man *Arloquent.*"

PHILADELPHIA AND CHICAGO.—When the last 40 miles, now being constructed, of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, shall have united Philadelphia and Chicago by a direct and unbroken route, under one management, it is proposed to make a deep notch in the calendar by a grand celebration. On this route of eight hundred miles, there will be only a single change of cars. The time between the two cities will be thirty-six hours. It will be the shortest route by 60 miles from the great City of the Northwest to the Northern seaboard cities—and will open a connection by the lakes and the St. Paul and Fond du Lac road with the Upper Mississippi and the Lake Superior regions. Fitting it is that the completion of such an important link of trade and travel should be commemorated with appropriate festivities. The name of Philadelphia, from that day, will begin to be a word of power in the Northwest. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and upon some greatness is thrust by the force of circumstances—Philadelphia modestly enrols herself among the last named class.

THE SAVANS OF LONDON.—In a recent speech, Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, made the following statement:

We talk a good deal of science. Science is to be honored. I honor it. It adds to the happiness of mankind, and to the improvement of the age in which we live. Science is well worthy our homage and praise. But we must not stop here. Look at what has been done by the scientific world in London. At the last yearly meeting of the savans of London the gold medal was given for the best paper that had been read. And what do you think were the contents of that paper? IT WAS THE UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY AND IMPRACTICABILITY OF EVER LAYING THAT TELEGRAPHIC WIRE.

Scientific theorisers have demonstrated the impossibility of many things that were afterwards done—but other men, more scientific, inasmuch as they were more practical, have shown the practicability by the performance. These things put us in mind of the scripture phrase, "Oppositions of science, falsely so called."

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.—We believe that THE POST was the first to suggest, several years ago, the simple expedient of replacing the close brick wall which hides Franklin's grave from the street, with an iron railing:—and we are now pleased to learn that the vestry of Christ church have resolved to make the change in question. Now that the owners of the grave yard have concluded to move in the matter, we would suggest that they should go a little further, if the position of the grave will at all admit of it. We mean, to separate Franklin's grave from the rest of the yard by another railing, and have a gate placed in the outside railing, so that those who choose can enter, and read the simple inscription on the flat stone. If there is any danger of the tomb's being defaced, a protecting lattice of iron could easily be constructed around and above it. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We call the attention of our readers to the announcement, in our advertising columns, of the commencement of a new course of lectures at the Female Medical College in this city. The Anatomical museum connected with the college is now open and free to visitors.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—What a pity that the name of Newfoundland, now that the cable is laid, cannot be changed to Chang-land. Then we should have Chang and Eng-land.

BIBLE PANORAMA.—Mr. J. Inigo Williams' Bible Panorama is now open at National Hall, Market street, every evening—the exhibition commencing at eight o'clock.

New Publications.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is a work, now in its first volume, which has made a great sensation among the reading public of Great Britain, and which all the leading British reviews, with one exception—the London Quarterly—unite in proclaiming remarkable for originality, prodigious learning, breadth and compression of statement, and catholicity and comprehensiveness of view, though nearly all of them are decidedly adverse to its basic principles and many of its conclusions. It is the first attempt that has been made to place history on the basis of science. The author's general view is that external nature affects the mind of man, and the mind of man external nature, each modifying the other. From this mutual modification result events—which are the staple of history. Therefore, to explain events, and know which contributes most largely to their production—man's mind or the forces of nature—you must understand physical and metaphysical science. Nature's power being limited and stationary, while man's power is unlimited and progressive, it follows that the history of civilisation in any country is, fundamentally, the history of man's struggle with the forces of nature which affect him injuriously; and consequently the progress of civilisation is in proportion to man's conquest over these forces. These principles, which we have stated very crudely and inadequately, Mr. Buckle is to apply to the History of England, which country he selects as the one most favorable to their exemplification. Mr. Buckle is understood to be a man of fortune, thirty years of age, who has suffered much from ill-health. Up to the age of eighteen it is said, he received scarcely any education, but since then, although he has never entered any college, he has become the master of the most extensive acquirements in every department of science and literature, as his book abundantly shows. He now lives with his mother in London, surrounded by myriads of books, to which he gives his nights and days, patiently building up his stupendous work, which must extend through many volumes. That it is a work which most persons will profit by perusing, seems to be the opinion even of those who are most strongly hostile to its views and principles.

THE BAPTIST SYSTEM EXAMINED. By REV. J. A. SEISS, A. M. T. N. Kurtz, Baltimore.

THE ASH; A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE, by PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is, every one must think, unworthy the author of "Festus"—that poem so remarkable for its epic vastness, and the power, subtlety and splendor of many of its thoughts and images. A few forcible and pithy lines alone relieve the clumsy, turgid, and dreary monotony of this heavy satire. Only here and there, at long intervals, the dull Lethe is lit with a sparkle of poetry. The best things in the volume are the brief pieces at the end. The bit called "A Fragment" is full of dark imagination and weird imagery. Best of all is this:—solemn, tender, and surcharged with the spirit of prayer:—

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark! 'tis the passing bell:
While the soul is on its way,
While it waves its upward wings,
We yet may pray.

Pray for the good man's soul;
He is leaving earth for heaven;
And it soothes us to feel that the best
May be forgiven.

Pray for the sinful soul;
It fleeth we know not where;
But wherever it be, let us hope,
For God is there.

Pray for the rich man's soul;
Not all be unjust, nor vain;
The wise he consoled; and he saved
The poor from pain.

Pray for the poor man's soul;
The death of this life of ours,
He hath shook from his feet; he is one
Of the heavenly powers.

Pray for the old man's soul;
He had labored long; through life
It was battle, or march; he hath ceased,
Serene, from strife.

Pray for the infant's soul;
With his spirit's crown unsoiled,
He hath won, without war, a realm:
Gained all, nor toiled.

Pray for the struggling soul;
The mists of the straits of death
Clear off; in some star-bright isle
It anchoreth.

Pray for the soul assured:
Though it wrought in a gloomy mine,
Yet the gems it earned were its own,
That soul divine.

Pray for the simple soul;
For it loved, and therein was wise,
Though itself knew not; but with Heaven
Confused the skies.

Pray for the sage's soul;
'Neath his welkin wide of mind,
Lay the central thought of God,
Though undefined.

Pray for the high, the mean;
Souls are of equal birth;
Let the thought be the joy of the world,
And end of earth.

Pray for the souls of all,
To God, and His holy Son,
That, filled with the Spirit Divine,
All may be one.

Hush! for the bell hath ceased;
And the spirit's fate is sealed;
To the angels known; to man
Left unrevealed.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY, WITH OTHER SKETCHES FROM SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN SOCIAL LIFE, by ROBERT MORRIS, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a volume of essays which our old citizens will read with pleasure, and our young citizens may read with profit. If our old citizens will take their respected fellow-townsman, Mr. John Grigg, as their representative, we have their opinion prospectively, in his, when he declares that "no book published in this country, with the exception of the Bible, deserves a more general circulation into every family in the country than this." The author everybody knows as the amiable editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*—a paper, as everybody also knows, of much local repute among us. To many a household to which this paper has come regularly for many years, like some kind and staid old friend of the family, welcome always for his various and cheery talk of the world within us and without us, his old-fashioned virtues, and his plain good sense,—will come also this book, like the same old friend in a different coat, not much changed for that, and not the less welcome. The duties and realities of life, its trials, its temptations, its anxieties, its occupations, its hopes, its joys, its compensations, its aims and ends, and all the incidents and lessons of its experience, are now the gamut over which the discourse of our old friend runs. Plain and pleasant is his speech, equal and temperate, with only now and then an honorable flush in it, like the honest reddening of the brow, when mischief-makers and scandal-mongers — the petty fagoes of private life, who are "nothing if not critical"—pass in review, and become the themes of notice. His speech has in it, too, something of that practical homely wisdom which makes Poor Richard famous; with sober graces of diction befitting one who has "fed on the dainties that are bred in a book," who knows the contents of many books, and is withal "in wit a man, simplicity a child." Anecdote, reminiscence, illustration, poetic fancies, and apt words from the poets, diversify and illume the current of his counsel, to which we hope many will listen, and profit thereby. It only remains to say, dropping metaphor, that the book is printed in excellent style, and embellished with a remarkably fine portrait of the author, very like him.

THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH, by CHARLES F. BRIGGS AND AUGUSTUS MAVERICK, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) puts in convenient form, a full account of the birth and progress of telegraphy, together with a history of the construction and laying of the great Atlantic cable. Atlantic cablers and the public generally will find this good reading. It is an odd fact which we notice on page 153, that when the splice was made in the cable on the morning of June 26th, "a bent sixpence was put in it for luck!" Curious that this quaint old superstition should have presided, like some frolic imp of the Dark Ages, escaped from a shelved bottle in the study of Cornelius Agrippa, over the latest and greatest achievement of our skeptical and audacious modern science!

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. August. Leonard Scott & Co., *New York*; W. B. Zieber, Philada.

SHANMAR IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM; OR, THE BRANDED HAND. Thacher & Hutchinson, New York.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS ABUSING ITSELF—A SPLENDID SIGHT—A YOUTHFUL DIGNITARY—OLD CUSTOMS—CRINOLINES IN TROUBLE—A STRANGE STORY.

Paris, August 19, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The celebration of the "national *fete*" of the 15th of August has been more splendid than on any previous occasion. No one in France keeps the day of his birth, as is the custom of the Anglo-Saxon races, but the day set apart in honor of the saint or saintess, whose name he, or she, happens to bear. Thus all the Peters, Martins, Charles, Georges, Henrys, &c., receive the compliments and visits of their well-wishers on the day devoted in the calendar to their patron saint; all Maries expect presents, visits, pots of flowers, and other *fete*-day attentions on the day set apart to the virgin; all who are called Anne look for the same on St. Anne's day, and so on; the calendar containing a saint and saint's day for all names usually borne by Catholics. Thus the 15th of August being the festival-day of St. Napoleon, as well as the festival of the Assumption, is the *fete*-day of all who bear the name of Napoleon; and is now regarded as the National Festival, because that of the present chief of the State. As such it has been duly celebrated all over the country; the *fetes* of Paris, as usual, taking precedence of those of the rest of the country in point of splendor.

At six o'clock, A. M., the cannon of the Invalides thundered forth to the metropolis the invitation to come forth and admire the works of a paternal government and its "undertakers of festivals," in the shape of the decorations put up in the squares of the la Concorde, la Barriere du Trone, des Invalides, and the Champ de Mars, together with the Bridges and the Champs Elysees. The style adopted this year was the Chinese; the Place de la Concorde being completely surrounded by a ring of pagodas, alternating with triumphal arches, which, though it would probably have been as novel in China as here, was none the less productive of a most charming effect. The same sort of ornamentation—made up of painted boards and poles, but so gracefully done up with garlands, banners, lamps, and *oriflammes* that you forgot all about boards and poles in looking at it—was continued up the Champs Elysees, where the Rond-point was encircled by similar pagodas, composed of colored lamps, which imitated the effect of a mosaic-work composed of jewels, the effect of which can only be rendered by the vague expressions of "magical," and "fairy-like," for it seemed to take the spectator out of this working-day world of brick and mortar and transport him bodily into the enchanted land of dreams and genii. But I am anticipating; this singular and most beautiful effect being the result of the evening's illumination; and the doings of the day must be chronicled first.

Besides the colossal "decorations" of the squares and Champs Elysees, which constitute so striking a feature in Paris festivities, all the theatres and operas were opened gratis at one o'clock; and such is the eagerness of the lower classes here to avail themselves of this sort of privilege, that people often stand at the doors from four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to ensure a good choice of seats. In some cases parties have actually passed the preceding night at, or near, the door of the theatre! In the Place des Invalides two enormous booths were erected, and grand pantomimic shows representing "the discovery of the New World by Columbus," and "scenes in the conquest of Algeria" were performed by bands of soldiers assisted by regular theatrical performers. At the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees a mammoth concert took place in the open air at two o'clock; 300 instruments, and 250 singers, the latter furnished by the Free Singing Schools of that ardent apostle of the vocal art, Dr. Emile Cheve, of whose system and success I may have something to say on a future occasion—concurred to render this concert one of the most brilliant features of the day.

A *Te Deum* was performed at Notre Dame and all the churches; the various Public and Learned Bodies attending the metropolitan temple in all the glory of their particular costumes. Large distributions of bread, meat, clothing, and money, were made at the various "bureaus of beneficence," and by members of the Imperial family, and the Officers of State.

Greased poles, surmounted with prizes for successful climbers, races in sacks, regettas on the Seine, and running matches; a quantity of little balloons in the form of animals and birds, and a monster-balloon of ordinary shape; were among the amusements provided by the Government. In addition to these, booths for every species of game, dancing, and concerts; swings of every kind; and countless displays of cheap cakes, fruit, coco, lemonade, &c., were to be seen in every direction, along the quays, in the Champ de Mars, and in the more retired quarters of the Champs Elysees.

In the evening the "decorations," the public buildings, and a large proportion of the private houses, were brilliantly illuminated, and the principal thoroughfares were one mass of strollers, dressed in their best, perfectly polite, and enjoying themselves, apparently, to the utmost limit of their capacities. At nine o'clock, the boom of cannon gave the signal for the letting off of the two grand pyrotechnic displays, placed at the extreme east and west of the city. The latter on the high ground of the Trocadero, visible to half of Paris, and for a dozen miles out of town, was one of the most magnificent spectacles of the kind ever seen. The transformations of the base of the fireworks were only, as usual, to be seen by the few who happened to be nearest to the framework, the density of the smoke shrouding the lower part of the piece in an impenetrable cloud; but the gigantic eagle which occupied the centre of the piece—with a crown on its head, arrows in its claws, and its outstretched wings shadowing the great globe of fire on which it stood—and the superb sheaves, rockets, "fiery rain," and other wondrous inventions of pyrotechnic art that rush up into the welkin and seem to toss their fiery globes, and dew, and flowers among the stars, were visible for an immense distance. Three of the great "sheaves" in question, two that bloomed up from the ends of the enormous piece, and the last bursting out of the fiery eagle in the centre, opening above our heads, and slowly falling in clusters of starry flowers, red, blue, purple, green, and silver, mixed with long streams of golden foliage, formed a spectacle at once so beautiful, weird, and sublime that the most cynical spectators could not wonder at the cry of admiration that went up from the crowds below.

These superb fireworks were the conclusion of the day's "spectacles." They blazed away for about twenty minutes; and when they had burned out, and the vast clouds of golden, silvery, rosy, and purple smoke they left behind them had rolled off into upper space, the dense crowds of human beings congregated to watch them, began to move homewards. Not the least curious concomitant of such a festival is the all-pervading "roar," like the sound of "many waters," caused by the feet and voices of a whole population slowly defiling homeward through every street and alley, and filling the air, for a couple of hours, with a continuous noise like that of the sea at a distance; a subdued, incessant roar, which, heard from a quiet room, is almost more suggestive of the terrible power of the human aggregate, yclept "the crowd," than is the sight of the moving mass itself.

Happily the weather was superb; and no accidents marred the enjoyment of the day by those for whose special beatification the fete was got up. A grand review, by Gen. Magnam, in the Champ de Mars, formed part of the programme; but took place on the previous day, in order to avoid the marching of the troops through the crowd on the day of the fete.

The arrangements of the police are always excellent here on such occasions. No vehicle is allowed to approach the most attractive points of the display; policemen and *sergeans de ville* are stationed at short intervals, and are ready to interfere at a moment's notice whenever the crowd threatens to become a *crush*. The French, too, are so perfectly at home when in a state of conglomeration, that they never get into nervous panics, but hold their way comfortably and pleasantly, circulating through the scene of festivity, appreciating, admiring, or criticising, with imperturbable good humor and politeness. No pushing, no drunkenness, marred the popular behaviour; as the hour grew late, a few drunken men might be heard singing on their way back from the *barrieres*; but the fete, on the whole, was remarkably free from the ugly feature of rudeness and inebriety.

The Emperor, in honor of the day, granted 1,241 pardons for crimes and misdemeanors; besides 506 remissions of punishment to soldiers, and a diminution of punishment to 348 other soldiers.

Nor was the little Prince left out of sight on the occasion. His Imperial Highness, of somewhere about two feet, now staying at St. Cloud, in the absence of his papa and mamma, under the wing of a bevy of governesses, and an army of soldiers, received, in the morning, the visit of the officers of the Imperial Guard garrisoned at St. Cloud, and gave, at noon, a *dejeuner* to the children of the First Regiment of Grenadiers, among whom his little Prince-ship was enrolled the day of his birth. The little fellow, seated in a high chair, with napkin duly fastened under his chin, presided on the occasion, and comported himself with the curious gravity of manner for which he is already famous. One of the little guests read some verses in his Highness's honor, and presented him with a bouquet. The little fellow already receives the salutes of those about him, and raises his tiny hand to his head, in the approved manner of Imperial and Royal personages when returning the salutations of inferior beings, with a sober collectedness and self-possession not a little amusing. He seems already to feel himself "*porphyry clutus;*" and will evidently be fully "up" to the "proprieties" of the throne, should it ever be his lot to occupy that coveted species of sitting-apparatus.

As to the Emperor and Empress, if we are to believe one half of what the journals tell us, their progress "through the antient Armorica" is a triumph of the first water. Wherever they go, they find triumphal arches, *mairs*, prefects, and bishops, presenting keys, and vieing with each other in speeches and declarations to the Emperor; young ladies in white muslin bestowing bouquets and effusions of fulsome admiration and "devotion" on the Empress; dinners and breakfasts offered by municipalities, pardons of "deserving" criminals resolved to behave themselves better for the future, and bestowments of alms on a scale of the most lavish generosity, besides orders for building churches, hospitals, &c., to be defrayed mainly out of his Majesty's privy purse. The Imperial travellers having expressed their wish to see as much as possible of the ancient dresses, habits, and customs of Brittany—which still flourish in many districts almost as unchanged by modern innovation as they were 300 years ago—all manner of spectacles illustrative of the antiquities of the country have been gotten up for their benefit. At one place they had a ball, in which the dresses and dances of the 15th Century figured in all their purity to the music of the bag-pipe and the (*bignou;*) in another, a cavalcade of 1,000 cavaliers, each with his lady behind him, all arrayed and marshalled in the mode of ancient times, defiled before their Majesties; and so on.

At Grand-Champ, where an arch of the heather, broom, and gorse of the region spanned the road, presenting a really beautiful effect, the imperial pair went out of their track to visit an estate lately purchased by Princess Bacciocchi, a relative of the Emperor. Here they were regaled with a luxurious lunch, after which they visited the beautiful grounds of the estate, and admired its picturesque views. In the course of this ramble they visited an immense awning, under which the Princess had assembled six thousand of the country-people, all impatient for a sight of their Majesties, and for whom the Princess had provided a Homeric repast to which full justice appears to have been done by the army of guests.

Whatever may be the "loyal zeal" of the Norman and Breton people towards the present Emperor, it is certain that the average mental *states* of the two provinces are not much to boast of. In this particular, however, they do but share the ordinary characteristics of the peasantry of France, a large part of whom cannot read, while those who can—judging from the quality of literature most in vogue with them—would seem to be but little better for the accomplishment. Indeed, so much scandal has been caused by the impunity with which the book-pedlars are allowed to sell the most mischievous trash, notwithstanding the license which they are obliged to obtain of the government for their wares, that the clergy themselves are beginning to take up the subject, and to denounce the extraordinary folly and absurdity of certain pamphlets and little books which, under the guise of piety, spread superstitious ideas among the ignorant peasantry. The Bishop of Strasburg has taken the lead in this denunciation; and the following *recipes*, from a small publication entitled the "Medicine-book of the Poor" show that the outcry is not made without cause:

"In order to cure boils," says the book in question, "address your prayers to the patron saint of the place where the sick man lives, at the altar of the saint; take a handful of ivy-leaves, gathered as close as possible to the ground, a piece of soap that has not been used, and beat up the whole into a paste with fresh cream; apply it to the sore, repeating the prayers for the sick, and you will be speedily cured."

"To cure colic. Place the middle finger of the right hand on the abdomen of the patient, and repeat these words: 'Mary, who art Mary, or the Colic Passion, who art between my liver and my heart, between my spleen and my lungs, stop this sickness, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Then recite three *Paters* and three *Aves*, name the name of the sick person, and say 'God *has cured them! Amen!*'"

And this deplorable ignorance co-exists with steam, railways, and the trans-atlantic telegraph!

Crinolines have been getting themselves and their owners into some very awkward scrapes of late. A lady of Hanover has just been fined the sum of two francs for having, says the verdict, "filled the pavement in front of her house, and thus interrupted the circulation of the city." At Avesnes, on the German frontier, the people have just been holding their annual *kermesse*, a sort of night-fete, similar to a fair. The people were dancing away, by torch-light, in a wood on the outskirts of the village, when one of the dancers, conspicuous for her voluminous circumference, suddenly uttered a frightful scream, and turning deadly pale, would have fallen, but for the aid of the people about her. Mustering her strength, the unlucky dame, seizing the arm of her niece, who happened to be dancing close by, and had rushed to her aunt's side on hearing the piercing shrieks of the latter, dragged her away into the shadow of the trees, and entreated her in a voice of agony and terror, "to see, for the love of the Virgin, what had got hold of her leg!" The niece, a brave peasant girl, thereupon knelt down on the ground, and discovered, under the enormous crinoline worn by her fainting relative, a terrified owl, that, disturbed by the glare and music of the *kermesse*, had apparently looked about for a place of retreat from the unaccustomed racket, had crept under the poor woman's outreaching crinoline, and climbed up her leg, digging his sharp claws into the limb of which he had so unfortunately made his perch. The luckless owl, when dragged forth by the niece, seemed almost as much terrified as his victim; and the explanation of the poor woman's very natural terror when she had felt the unknown invader clambering up her leg, becoming known to the rest of the assembly, the peals of laughter which this intelligence excited may be imagined. As to the wearer of the crinoline, she was fain to make her exit from the scene of the festivity as fast as her feet could carry her.

It is understood that a reaction against the fashion which so sturdily maintains its grounds against all opposition, has really been begun by a portion of the fashionable world; but this protest, if really made, has not, as yet, taken any effect on the majority of the feminine world.

Mr. Home, the famous "medium," who has lately married a Russian lady of large fortune, is in as much favor as ever with the Emperor. The following story, which I have from a gentleman of the Imperial household who was present on the occasion, will show at least what bystanders *think they see* in the company of his paradoxical personage: "When the Court was last at Biarritz," says the Count de ———, "the Emperor and Empress used frequently to sit in a tent, overlooking the sea, to which, with the persons of their suite, they resorted for the sake of enjoying the coolness of the position. One afternoon, when Mr. Home was present, the Empress remarked to him, that it was sometime since he had given them any proof of his power, and asked him to 'show them something.' 'Willingly, if your Majesty desires it,' replied Mr. Home.

"There was in the tent," continued the Count, "a small table, covered with an embroidered cloth. On the table was a *buvard* (sheets of blotting-paper bound like a book) writing-paper, an inkstand, and a little bell. Every one in the tent was silent, intently watching Mr. Home, who sat quietly on his chair, apparently lost in thought. Suddenly, without a sound, we saw a little shrivelled hand, yellow, dry, looking something like parchment, or wax, rising from the floor of the tent, by the table, and moving upwards towards the table-cover, as though climbing up by its aid. The little hand crept slowly up to the top of the table, and then crept slowly down again to the floor. A few moments afterwards, it crept up again, hovered over the table, took the bell, rung it, laid it down, and sank down again to the floor. Again rising to the top of the table, the little withered semblance of a hand moved to the *buvard*, took a pen from the inkstand, and wrote upon a sheet of paper lying on the table. It then slowly descended to the floor, and vanished. The curiosity of all present was intense; the Empress, and after her, nearly all of us, tried to decipher the writing—a single word—but in vain. No one could read it. The paper was handed to the Emperor, who turned pale as he looked at it, and exclaimed 'Hortense!' We saw then that *that* was the word written, though we had failed to make it out. The Emperor folded the paper up, and put it into his pocket, with an expression of countenance that indicated his wish that nothing more should be said on the subject. *Now this I saw*," says the Count, "every bit of it, from beginning to end; but as for the explanation of it, I humbly confess my inability to offer any."

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Asia brings advices to the 28th ult.

The prospectus of the India and Australian Telegraph Company, with a capital of £500,000, has been issued. The proposal is to continue the Red Sea line from Ceylon to Singapore, and eventually to carry further sections to Hong Kong and Australia. Application is to be made to the government for a guarantee.

The British Board of Trade for July show a decrease in the exports of £1,300,000, as compared with July of last year. In the imports an increase had taken place, particularly in Breadstuffs, the arrivals of which were very large.

The entire stud of Lord Derby's racers is to be sold, and he retires from the turf.

An important law case had been tried at Liverpool. An action was brought against the directors of the suspended Borough Bank, to recover damages for the loss sustained in purchasing shares, upon the strength of a fallacious report, issued by the Bank. A verdict was given for the plaintiff, but a stay of execution was granted.

The first detachment of sappers and miners, only twenty strong, was to leave England for Vancouver's Island, on the 1st of September. One hundred and thirty others were soon to follow.

The Daily News calls upon the European powers to watch closely American designs upon Nicaragua, under the conviction that the policy of the American Government is to acquire possession of the Isthmus.

The Emperor is about to send Victoria a cannon, constructed upon his own principle, and named "Alliance" in return for that presented to him by Her Majesty.

Count Persigny made a speech at the opening of the Council General of the Loire, illustrative and defensive of the alliance with England. The speech had attracted considerable attention.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times understands that the Turkish Government has complained to the English Ambassador at Constantinople of the bombardment of Jeddah, at the moment when it was known that Ismael Pasha was on the way thither with full power to punish the guilty.

The Divan had issued a circular contradicting the rumor of the approaching destruction of Mecca by the Western Powers, which was occasioning great excitement.

It was reported that further riots had occurred in Candia, and that the Christians had been killed.

SPAIN.—A Madrid telegram of the 25th says a military expedition is being prepared for Havana.

AUSTRIA.—The new born imperial Prince has been christened "Rodolph Francis Charles Joseph," by the imperial decree, the prince proprietor and colonel of the 19th regiment of infantry.

The report that a reconciliation had taken place between Austria and Russia, is formally denied.

CHINA.—It was stated that the amount of indemnity to be paid by China to England and France, as stipulated in the treaty of Tiensin, is 30,000,000 francs.

Lord Elgin had received from the Imperial Commissioner a written promise of a concession of his demands. The American and Russian treaties had been concluded, and the Americans were believed to have stipulated for an annual visit to Pekin. The Commissioner at Canton was arging the people to war, and ignored entirely the negotiations in the north.

MARKETS.—In Cotton, all qualities of American were ¼d higher on the week, but at the close there was less buoyancy.

STATE OF TRADE IN MANCHESTER.—The Manchester trade was in a favorable condition, and prices were slightly better.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour firm, with a better demand than has been experienced for some time past. Wheat quiet but firm for good quality. Corn dull and firmer, and quotations continued. Beef heavy, at a decline of 2s 6d@5s. Pork quiet. Bacon steady. Lard quiet but firm. Tallow firmer.

☞ An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and, arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, called for the usual register of travellers that he might duly describe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form—"English gentleman of independent property." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, sir, but I copied it faithfully from your portmanteau." "But it is not there; bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself—Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather.

☞ My morning haunts are where they should be, at home; at home not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience of the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty.—*Milton.*

☞ To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done!*—*Dean Swift.*

☞ Marriage ought always to be a question, not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether—and that, however pale, dreary and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten fold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, from which there is no escape but death.—*Miss Mulock.*

☞ He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.—*Hume.*

☞ THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors. —*T. Fuller.*

WHEN Barney was told
He was looking quite ill,
Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking;
"That's the difference," quoth he,
"Betwixt you and me—
That I'm *looking* ill, and that you are ill-looking."

☞ In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections.

☞ Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them feel alike; but the good or the bad events which fortune brings upon us, are felt according to the qualities that we, not *they*, possess. They are in themselves indifferent and common accidents, and they acquire strength by nothing but our vice or our weakness. Fortune can dispense neither felicity nor infelicity, unless we co-operate with her.—*Bolingbroke.*

☞ GYMNASTICAL.—The year clears the Winter with a Spring.

☞ All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides, by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—*Shaftesbury.*

☞ "Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly—just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

O! conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe!

—*Crabbe.*

☞ A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

☞ A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

☞ An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—*Pope.*

☞ Gifts are the beads of Memory's rosary. —*L. E. L.*

☞ TANTALUS OUTDONE.—Just imagine a shipwrecked sailor on a raft reading a Cookery Book.

A CHILD RECOVERED FROM THE MORMONS.—A case was tried recently before Chief Justice Eckles and Associate Justice Sinclair, of the Supreme Court of Utah. It seems that about four years ago the wife of Mr. H. Polydore, a lawyer residing in Gloucestershire, England, joined the Mormons and ran away from him. Taking their only child, a daughter, from the boarding-school at which she was placed, she brought her, in a company of Mormons, to this place.

The father, in the meantime, made every effort to discover the whereabouts of the mother and child, and a considerable time elapsed before he found out that they were here among the Mormons. Finding that his individual efforts would be unavailing in procuring the return of his child, he applied to Lord Malmesbury, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in England, for the aid of the Government in his behalf. An application was made, therefore, by the English Government, through Lord Napier, to Secretary Cass, for the assistance of our Government in the matter, who thereupon forwarded instructions to General Johnston, directing him to use every effort in his power to find the child and secure its restoration to the father. As soon as the civil authorities had become established in Utah, the case was placed in the hands of the United States District Attorney. The child, who is only twelve years old, was found with her aunt, who is the fourth wife of Samuel Richards, one of the twelve Apostles. The mother and the girl had returned to the States.

Upon examination the court ordered that the child should be restored to her father, and she will accordingly be sent on, as soon as a suitable escort can be found, to Lord Napier, at Washington.

GERMAN THEORY RESPECTING THE CHOLERA.—Dr. Max Pettenkober, of Germany, is the author of a work possessing considerable ability, and bearing the title, "Investigations and Observations in Regard to the Propagation of Cholera, with Reflections on the Proper Means of arresting its Progress." The facts which Dr. Pettenkober claims to have fully established are—that the disease is not contagious, in the usual sense of the word, but that it can nevertheless, be carried from one place to another; that it always follows the usual routes of commerce; that no elevation above the ocean is a guaranty against the disease, nor is any depth necessarily exposed to its ravages; that no contagious cholera matter is floating in the atmosphere, and that consequently the disease is not propagated by currents of air; that it is not propagated through the water; that it is propagated through the earth; that the earth receives and develops the cholera contagion from the excrements of diseased persons; that excrements from a diseased person thrown into a sink or privy are capable of transforming the whole mass into a heap of cholera contagion; that gases disengaged by the decomposition of organic substances, especially of excrements, penetrate the earth, rise to the surface, and become then the cause of fevers and of cholera.

POLITICS IN NEW YORK.—The American and Republican Conventions, which met at Syracuse, N. Y., on Thursday, failed to effect a union. The Republicans nominated the following ticket:

For Governor—E. D. Morgan.
For Lieutenant-Governor—Robert Campbell.
For Canal Commissioner—Hiram Gardner.
For State Prisoner Inspector— —— Everest.

Various messages then passed to and fro between the two Conventions, relative to the terms of an agreement, but it was found impossible to coalesce, and the Americans proceeded to the nomination of an independent State ticket, which was perfected as follows:

For Governor—Lorenzo Burrows.
For Lieutenant-Governor—N. S. Benton.
For Canal Commissioner—J. R. Thompson.
For State Prison Inspector—W. A. Russell.

ACCIDENT ON THE STEUBENVILLE AND INDIANA RAILROAD.—The Cincinnati Express train going west on the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad, ran through a bridge, on the evening of the 10th instant, thirteen miles west of Steubenville.

A despatch from the Secretary of the road says that the bridge broke near the first tunnel. All the passengers were sent off the next morning except one man who had both legs broken. Conductor Mooney received a severe cut on the head; the baggage master was slightly hurt; James Fleming, engineer off duty was badly hurt. Other passengers were slightly injured, but able to leave.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

ST. HELENA.

My last letter showed the reader how it was that we arrived at St. Helena on the 27th of January, 1858. I am now, in the present number, going to endeavor to impart a fair idea of what we there saw, heard and did.

The very day after our arrival the fleet surgeon and myself incurred the ridicule of "the mess" by quietly observing, that we were going to walk out to Longwood. It is scarcely necessary here to observe that "Longwood" is the name of the estate upon which the great Napoleon lingered out the last sad hours of his eventful life. This estate is situated near the top of the island, and is remarkable as possessing the longest tract of level land on that volcanic upheaval. This tract contains only three or four acres, from which fact some estimate may be formed of the steep and broken nature of the island. There are two houses now upon Longwood—"The Old House" and the "New House." It was in the former that the great Emperor lived through years of wanton and ungenerous insult—and just as he was dying, they built him "The New House." He never entered it, however. We had heard at Madeira that the English Government had presented "The Old House" plus an acre or two of ground to the French, and that "The Tomb" had been presented in like manner. "The Tomb" is not at Longwood. It is situated in a deep gorge, about one mile nearer Jamestown. Longwood is 2,500 feet above the sea, and five miles back from Jamestown, nearly in the centre of the island. The roads are zig-zag, McAdamized, and very steep—not so much so as at Madeira, however. The hill-sides are sometimes bare, and sometimes sprinkled with an undergrowth of prickly pear, geranium, willow, etc.; more in the interior some of them support growths of stunted pines. To return to my narrative.

"I think I see you!" said the marine officer to the doctor, half enviously, "I'll bet you'll weigh several pounds less when you come back, if you *do*!"

"If you'll come along, I'll walk you down before you have gone a mile!" quietly replied "The Fleet."

"No! I reckon I'll ride!" replied the soldier.

And we began to prepare for the shore. As we stepped into the boat and shoved from the ship's side, the party numbered eight. As we reached the landing, and separated, we were reduced to three. The doctor, Mr. B———, an engineer, and myself. The other five saluted us by the title of "dejected pedestrians," as they turned a corner to search for a livery stable, and left us with the caution,

"Look out that we don't ride over you before you get half way!"

"It seems that they expect us to race with them!" I remarked to the doctor.

"I'll tell you what it is, Smith;" he replied, "if they don't look sharp about their horses, and if Longwood isn't over three miles from town, we *will* beat them."

Imagine a pependicular wall of black rock six hundred feet high, washed by the sea, and having its towering breast rent by a black and yawning ravine retreating in broken length up into and between the overhanging mountains. The width of this ravine is about one hundred yards, and its inclination about as great as that of an ordinary carriage road. Its surface is by no means level; so that the parade ground, larger court-yards, gardens, &c., are mostly bolstered by artificial means. You may say that Jamestown consists of but one street, which follows the winding of the ravine, and throws off a narrow up-hill alley here and there by way of an archway. Of course the widest part of the town is directly at the beach, and there you encounter a heavy wall of stone-masonry, protected by a moat which must be crossed by a draw-bridge before you enter the town. This wall extends from cliff to cliff, is over twenty feet high, and is flanked by strong batteries. One of "the mess" and myself counted eleven of these latter from our position on the ship's deck; a perfect collection of fortifications.

As you approach the town in a boat, the cliffs on either hand arise to a height of six hundred and odd feet, are perfectly perpendicular in front, and so steep over the sides of the town that they can be ascended only by steps or zig-zag roads. Both of these are provided; in fact every road on the island *is necessarily* zig-zag: and it is almost exciting to look upon the long line of steps which ascend from the right of the city to the fort crowned crest overhead. There are six hundred and forty steps to that dizzy flight, and when you have ascended them all, you are six hundred feet higher than when you started; so one can imagine their inclination—it must be over thirty degrees; infinitely more steep than those of a house. We were told that so many persons had lost strength and confidence while ascending them and thus fallen or narrowly escaped doing so, that it was not every one who was now allowed to undertake it. During our whole stay I did not accomplish the feat; but our marine officer who was induced to *come down* them, was so used up that he complained of sore muscles for the next week. There you have "Jamestown" reader, fronted by its heavy stone walls, flanked by its rocky hill sides, backed by an irregular and retreating ravine, and overhung by clouds and heavy fortifications.

And now let us trudge up and along the left wall of this ravine which runs back from Jamestown towards Diana's Peak, and which we must follow for a mile or so before we can cut across the ridge by a zig-zag path, and thence over several other ridges to Longwood.

As we thus breasted the steep hill-side under the melting rays of a hot forenoon sun, we left the town both behind and below us, looked down upon the troops in red and white uniforms, who were being exercised in the limited parade ground, and finally halted at one of the zig-zag turnings to look down upon "The Briers." "The Briers" is the name of a small country seat, romantically situated a mile or more up the Jamestown ravine, surrounded by tasteful grounds, and interesting to the admirer of Napoleon, as the place where he passed the first two weeks of his final captivity. We lingered sadly over it for a while and then continued our walk; just as we were joined by two of the junior officers who had taken another road.

The ridge crossed, we found a most promising country opening before us. We would now occasionally leave the carriage-road, and take the steeper but shorter cuts over the hills, passing through groves of pines and smaller trees, bushes, cactus plants of a dozen different forms, geranium plants covered with bright red flowers, and walking over a beautiful wax-like creeper, whose leaves were a bright green, shaped like a boar's tush, and sprinkled profusely with yellow flowers. They were also so densely packed together that it was like walking over the most yielding of turfs. We had employed an active-looking boy of fifteen, to go with us as guide, and as we were in an English colony, he of course spoke English. Then the two officers who had joined us were bountifully supplied with two similar animals, between whom and our boy a desperate rivalry for the patronage of strangers seemed to exist. The consequence of this was, that they held each other in mutual contempt. This we soon discovered and derived no small amount of amusement from pitting them against each other whenever we saw anything that needed explanation.

"What do you call that bird?" I asked, pointing to a pair of beautiful canaries. I already knew from Mr. Someone that they were both plentiful and indigenous, but wanted to get up a dispute. I also knew from the same authority, that most of the other small birds seen in the bushes, were the offspring of parents imported and turned loose by design.

"Call him canary bird!" he replied quickly, "people find him here when they first come to the island."

"How is that?" I asked, appealing to "the couple," "he says those birds have always been on the island: what do you think of it?"

"Phew!" they answered, "he no know! You believe him?"

"Sir! those boys are no guides at all! They know nothing!" retorted our Cicerone contemptuously.

This will serve to give the reader an idea of the state of feeling existing between our "solo," and the "duette" of our newly joined friends.

"By jove!" suddenly exclaimed the doctor, halting under the shade of a small tree near a turn of the road, "by jove! this heat is terrible. It serves me right though, for leaving my umbrella. Phew! this sun is hotter than I bargained for."

"My goodness! You haven't left your old cotton?" I queried, incredulously.

"Yes!" he sighed. "I don't know how I came to do it. But it's done nevertheless." The doctor and his large cotton umbrella always put me in mind of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday—they were seldom seen apart.

We had travelled about two and a half miles over such a road as the one already described, when we were overtaken by our equestrian friends, who, prancing by us in high good humor, commented freely upon our soiled garments, and generously offered us the use of their horses.

"Poor fellows! They are almost broke down!" sympathized the master.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the second lieutenant, "just look at their dusty feet and trowsers."

"May be you'd like to ride behind?" kindly suggested the captain of marines.

"I'll hire my horse at double price!" offered another, &c., &c.

To all these pleasantries we replied in a most vivacious manner, dwelling at great length upon the subsequent benefit always derived from such exercise as ours, as well as upon the annoying results which generally overtook inexperienced horsemen. In addition to all this the doctor got up a spasmodic amount of activity, which enabled him to leap up and down the embankment with surprising vigor—after which he made a feint of jumping up behind one of our equestrian messmates, and ended by asking them if they thought men who were fagged out were equal to work like that. They passed on, crossed the summit of our last hill, and galloped quickly along its opposite side in the direction of the Tomb. We followed more slowly, and upon gaining the summit, over which they had disappeared, found a beautifully laid out garden upon our right, and under us upon the left, a vast gorge, which, as usual, commenced at Diana's Peak as a centre, and wound its rugged and descending length to the sea. I should have previously remarked that the Island of St. Helena rises boldly out of the sea to a height of 2,800 feet, and that the highest point is known as "Diana's Peak." "Diana's Peak" is in about the centre of the island; which has a circumference of not more than 30 miles, and the valleys (or rather ravines) diverge from it as a common centre as they descend to the sea. We looked over this valley to the opposite side and saw Longwood, separated from us by a chasm a mile or more in width, and probably a thousand feet deep. The road wound around this chasm, along the breast of the hill, crossing it by a broken and transverse ridge—the remainder of our way was therefore level, though artificially so.

"There is Longwood!" shouted our solo. "And here in the bottom of the valley is the Tomb!"

"I suppose the gentlemen like first to step into the garden and drink from the water pipe!" suggested the duette, enviously. As we were all very warm and thirsty this suggestion of the duette met with the consideration it deserved. Our solo saw this and was determined to be revenged. Here is the way he revenged himself:

"The gentleman who owns the garden does not like strangers to carry too many boys in with them. These two boys had better stay out—they always eat the fruit."

"Phew! Eat fruit yourself!" retorted the duette. "The gentleman know better."

"Well! you may all stay out," we replied. They all followed us, however, as a matter of course. As we left the garden after refreshing ourselves with some very cool water and continued our walk, we found the left or down hill side of the road guarded by a stone wall three feet high, and the right overhung by the distorted branches of stunted pines, which gave us a very pleasant shade. And now I noticed for the first time that all of these pines were bent over to the northward and westward at an almost uniform angle. We concluded rightly that this was owing to the constant pressure of the southeast trade wind, which bending them easily when they were young, thus regulated their growth. Even the branches and leaves were twisted and bent in the same direction.

We pass around the ravine, follow the road as it winds along the opposite hill-side, turn a corner, and come suddenly in full view of an undulating stretch of green sward, dotted with distorted pines and cedars, and ended by two houses at the distance of a quarter of a mile. And now, reader, take off your hat and show respect to the mighty dead. In that miserable and half-ruined building to the right, Napoleon Bonaparte lingered out the sad remnant of his nervous life. In that more pretending mansion to the left it was proposed to crush his spirit by years of continued insult should his days not have been shortened. These two houses, and these hills which run off below us, compose all that is left of "Longwood." Let us walk on and enter "the old house."

We find the room in which he died windowless now, and used as a threshing room. Another has had stalls built in it, and is used as a stable for horses and milch cows. Of a third, one side of the wall has fallen out, and in a fourth are nightly barricaded a flock of sheep. The plastering is nearly all worn from the walls; and damp, and neglect, and time are fast numbering it with the things that were. We lingered sadly through the desecrated halls and passages, and then returned toward the Tomb. We found this beautifully situated in the very bottom of the ravine, moistened by the spring from which he was so fond of drinking, and overhung by the willow which will never die. True the old willow is no longer there, but a younger and stronger one has arisen from its dust to spread its drooping branches over the weatherbeaten tomb, and arrest the eye of the inquiring traveller.

We spread our lunch under the shade of the willow, dipped water from the hill-side spring, cast ourselves upon the yielding turf, and passed a grateful half hour. Then we resumed our return, and reached the ship before sunset. A week later we were again at sea, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, distant 1,800 miles.

BABY LILY.

She was a purer, fairer bud
Than Summer's sun encloses:
Spring brought her with the violet,
She left us with the roses.

A little pillow, where the print
Of her small head yet lingers:
A silver coral, tarnished o'er
With clasp of tiny fingers:

A mound, the rosebush at the head
Were all too long to measure,
And this is all that heaven has left
Us of our little treasure.

Oh! human pearl, too pale and pure,
Oh, little lily blossom!
The angels lent a little space
To grace a mortal bosom.

The azure hearens bend above,
Unpitying and cruel,
A casket all too cold and vast
To shrine our little jewel.

Sleep, baby, calmly in thy nest
Amid the fading flowers,
Tho while we strive to speak the words,
"God's will be done—not ours."

THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

Charles Reade, the author of "Never Too Late To Mend," has published in a London paper the following narrative of an escape from a private Mad-house, illustrative of the way they sometimes manage such places in England:

On Friday last a tale was brought to me that a sane prisoner had escaped from a private mad-house, had just baffled an attempt to recapture him by violent entry into a dwelling-house, and was now hiding in the suburbs. The case was grave; the motives alleged for his incarceration were sinister; but the interpreters were women, and consequently partizans, and some, though not all, of the parties concerned on the other side bear a fair character. Humanity said, "Look into the case." Prudence said, "Look at it on both sides." I insisted, therefore, on a personal interview with Mr. ———. This was conceded, and we spent two hours together, all which time I was of course testing his mind to the best of my ability. I found him a young gentleman of a healthy complexion, manner *vif*, but not what one would call excited. I noticed, however, that he liked to fidget string and other trifles between his finger and thumb at times. He told me his history for some years past, specifying the dates of several events; he also let me know he had been subject for two years to fits, which he described to me in full. I recognized the character of these fits. His conversation was sober and reasonable. But had I touched the exciting theme? We all know there is a class of madmen who are sober and sensible till the one false chord is struck. I came, therefore, to that delusion which was the original ground of ———'s incarceration—his notion that certain of his relations are keeping money from him that is his due. This was the substance of the hallucination as he revealed it to me. His father was member of a firm with his uncle and others. Shortly before his death his father made a will leaving him certain personalities, the interest of £5,000, and, should he live to be twenty-four, the principal of ditto, and the reversion, after his mother's death, of another considerable sum.

Early last year he began to inquire why the principal due to him was not paid. His uncle then told him there were no assets to his father's credit, and never had been. On this, he admits, he wrote "abominably passionate" letters, and demanded to inspect the books. This was refused him, but a balance sheet was sent him, which was no evidence to his mind, and did not bear the test of addition, being £40,000 out on the evidence of its own figures. This was his tale, which might be all bosh for aught I could tell. Not being clever enough to distinguish truth from fancy by divination, I took cab, and off to Doctors' Commons, determined to bring some of the above to book. Well, gentlemen, I found the will, and I discovered that my maniac has understated the interest he takes under it. I also find, as he told me I should, his uncle's name down as one of the witnesses to the will. Item, I made a little private discovery of my own, viz., that ——— is residuary legatee, subject to his mother's life interest, and that all his interest under the will goes to five relations of the generation above him should he die intestate. I now came to this conclusion, which I think you will share with me, that ———'s delusion may or may not be an error, but cannot be a hallucination, since it is simply good logic founded on attested facts. For on which side lies the balance of credibility? The father makes a solemn statement that he has thousands of pounds to bequeath. The uncle assents in writing while the father is alive, but gives the father and himself the lie when the father is no longer on earth to contradict him. They say in law, "Allegans contraria non est audiendus." Being now satisfied that the *sui distant* delusion might be error but could not be aberration of judgment, I subjected him to a new class of proofs. I asked him if he would face medical men of real eminence, and not in league with mad-house doctors. "He would with pleasure. It was his desire." We went first to Dr. Dickson, who has great experience, and has effected some remarkable cures of mania.

Dr. Dickson, as may well be supposed, did not take as many seconds as I had taken hours. He laughed to scorn the very notion that the man was mad. "He is as sane as we are," said Dr. Dickson. From Bolton street we all three go to Dr. Ruttledge, Hanover Square, and on the road, Dr. Dickson and I agree to apply a test to Dr. Ruttledge, which it would have been on many accounts unwise to apply to a man of ordinary skill. Dr. Dickson introduced ———, and me thus: "One of these is insane, said to be. Which is it?" Dr. Ruttledge took the problem mighty coolly, sat down by me first, with an eye like a diamond; it went slap into my marrow-bone. Asked me catching questions, touched my wrist, saw my tongue, and said quietly, "This one is sane." Then he went and sat down by ———, and drove an eye into him, asked him catching questions, made him tell him in order all he had done since seven o'clock, felt pulse, saw tongue. "This one is sane, too." Dr. Dickson then left the room, after telling him what was ———'s supposed delusion, and begged him to examine him upon it. The examination lasted nearly half an hour, during which ——— related the circumstances of his misunderstanding, his capture, and his escape, with some minuteness. The result of all this was a certificate of sanity; copy of which I subjoin. The original can be seen at my house by any lady or gentleman connected with literature or the press:—

"We hereby certify that we have this day, both conjointly and separately, examined Mr. ———, and we find him to be in every respect of sound mind, and laboring under no delusion whatever. Moreover, we entertain a very strong opinion that the said Mr. ——— has at no period of his life labored under insanity. He has occasionally epileptic fits.

"(Signed) JAMES RUTTLEDGE, M. D.
"S. DICKSON, M. D.

"19 George street, Hanover Square, Aug. 9."

This man, whose word I have no reason to doubt, says the keeper of the mad-house told him he should never go out of it. This, if true, implies the absence of all intention to cure him. He was a customer, not a patient; he was not in a hospital, but a jail, condemned to imprisonment for life, a sentence so awful that no English judge has ever yet had the heart to pronounce it upon a felon. ——— is an orphan. The law is too silly and one-sided, and slow to protect him against the prompt and daring men who are even now hunting him. But while those friends the God of the fatherless has raised him concert his defence, you can aid justice greatly by letting daylight in.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.—There was a lone house standing by itself, near a plantation, not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted, and strange noises heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last, one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly, he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop, then pit, pat; a full stop again. He flung open the door—hurry, skurry, bang; something went down stairs with a tremendous jump; and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard. This was enough for one night. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches; soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit pat, pit pat. When the noise was close to his ambush he scraped his match, and set fire to the straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant; and what did he see? only a rabbit, who stood on his hind-legs, as much astonished as was the sentry. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind legs hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The courageous sentry held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost, got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain.—*Curiosities of Natural History.*

☞ "Justice," says William Penn, "is the insurance which we have on our lives and property."

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

As the summer advanced my disease increased. At length I directed my course toward Sydney. The physician I consulted was the most skillful in the colony. It was nearly six months before he would consent to my withdrawing from under his care. He told me then that at the period when I came to him I was in such imminent danger that it was inconceivable to him how I had kept about, seeming to suffer so little, and showing so little sense of inconvenience. He assured me that to attempt to saw again for a long time would be to risk instant death; and desired me to select some easy and unexciting occupation.

I had met with the System of Theology delivered as a course of lectures by Dr. Dwight, of Yale College, Connecticut, at the house of a friend, a clergyman in Sydney. I saw at a glance that it was one of the most valuable books on Christian Theology which we possess. I could think of nd more pleasant occupation than that of studying it thoroughly at a quiet sheep-station in some lone green sunny valley of the Blue Mountains. I could get (I knew) my rations and about a hundred and fifty dollars a year as a hut-keeper at one of those stations. A couple of hours in the morning would suffice to do all the work required—the dogs being generally an ample guard for the flocks by night; thus I could have a long day for study.

Once more I left the busy town behind me, and took my way toward the interior. Nothing was easier than to make the arrangement I wanted. In the course of a couple of weeks I had found my happy valley in the recesses of the Australian Alps.

My study of the book I have just mentioned is one of the ineffaceable memories of my life. I often think what a curtailment of his gratifications that student suffers under, who has no religious mind. I could do, now, without a Euclid, a Homer, a Shakspeare: but hardly without Tillotson and Jeremy Taylor, a Kempis (cloistered monk though he was) and Bunyan and Baxter; hardly without Dwight and Edwards, Chalmers and Channing; hardly without the lyrics of Watts, and that soul-soothing book of Barclay's.* As sings Goethe, "Honor be to whom honor is due." Honor and benison ye great souls of men, to you who of so various sects outwardly yourselves, have nevertheless, by the secret tutelage of your spirits, concurred to teach me to have but the one creed, the creed of the Great Master ye all follow—*Faith, Hope, and Love.*

Nevertheless, there will no doubt be many ready to express their surprise, that even after adopting the principles of the immortality of the soul and the existence of an infinite intelligent Creator, I should have added to them, the divine origin of the Bible. Many think that the two former may be held without the latter. Haply so. Meantime since the latter cannot be held without the two former, and since they are all three good things, I must maintain my course to be the thriftiest one; which in this gain-loving age one would say, ought to be no small recommendation. But, as it is notorious, that out of every TEN THOUSAND, who reject the Bible as of uncertain authority and authenticity, there is probably not the second individual, but assuredly not the third who has weighed its evidences or even knows what they are, I shall be justified in putting down a few of the reasons which have led myself to rely on the teachings of this remarkable book, as my sole and sufficient directory. They are as follows:

1. Every other oracle which I have been able to meet with or hear of in my researches through nearly half a century, and aided by the most extensive libraries, has proved to be either insufficient in amount, or unsubstantial in quality. In the Bible, on the contrary, the very things I want to know are taught—the character of God, the nature of my own after life, how I can render that after life a happy one; the whole matter is so plainly, so rationally, and so fairly laid out, that my judgment and conscience give their unqualified approval of it; whilst the proofs of its coming directly from God for my instruction and assistance, are far more forcible than those which any other oracle furnishes me of its validity and authoritative origin. I am no fanatic. I act in the matter precisely as I would in a common bargain of every day life. I take that which suits me best. Philosophies and human theologies will tell me *what they know* on the subjects I feel to be so important. Well, what do they know? Why, precisely what I know already, of myself, without their help. Is this all? inquires the young reader. Verily, it is; just that and no more. They all came of man. But I also am a man. If I am to have only a man-made religion I will make one for myself. But would this do? Can the traveller be also the guide? Can the pupil be the teacher? Of course I could give a guess on the subjects. But what is guessing? Exercising *imagination*. I want something more certain than that process would yield. I want on such a grave matter as my endless weal and woe, something very definite, very substantial, very authentic; I want something unequivocally sound, amply sufficient, and guaranteed by some one of the highest dignity and most unimpeachable veracity, some one who knows better than myself. I find it in the Bible, and the Bible alone. I perceive, moreover, on reflection, that there is only one way in which such a theory could be furnished; and that is precisely the way in which the Bible is furnished. Nothing less than a Revelation from the Creator to the creature could inform the latter what are the ends of his creation and the laws of his destiny. There is not a more self-evident truth in all natural philosophy.

2. The intrinsic soundness of the moral substance of the book. Is theft commanded or forbidden? Is hatred commanded or forbidden? Is licentiousness commanded or forbidden? Is there one possible virtue not inculcated—one vice not prohibited? Of what other system can this be said? unless, indeed, it be some affiliate system which has sprung up since, and in reality owes all its good qualities to it. Some have said—look at several of the modern deisms: observe how moral they are. But look at the ancient deisms, and observe how corrupt *they* were. Even such had been the modern, but for the teachings of Christianity. Others have objected more directly against our present thesis—that there can be shown instances in the Bible of the recital of culpable and indecorous personal transactions. The statement is a correct one as to the fact; but the objection is not a valid one. It is the duty and essential function of history, to state all facts of importance, good and bad alike. For inasmuch as those facts, in their place, are moral causes, we could not without them understand the subsequent facts or effects; history would become a bundle of the most irreducible riddles and a darkener of the mind. Others again, with much more show of reason, have pointed to acts seemingly contrary to morals, which were expressly commanded by God; such as these: The borrowing of the Egyptians' ornaments by the Hebrews, with the intention of not returning them; the sending forth by God of a lying spirit to delude Ahab to his death at Ramoth Gilead; with a number more instances of like kind. Now for my own part as a solitary reasoner, I frankly acknowledge that if we could not meet this by a blow at once fair and exterminating, it would be fatal to our cause. But we can. The reply to the allegation needs no looking after. It lies close at hand. The objector is begging his case. He is assuming what he cannot prove. He is guilty of the fallacy of setting *the law* above *the God* who gave it. This is an ample reply, logically. But, on our part, we will not be content to rest on it. We will suppose that there still remains something wanting to give full satisfaction to the human mind. We find it here. The Ruler, when the law is broken, becomes the avenger. It is His right—it is His duty, (no duty can be plainer,) to turn back upon the head of the offender the offensive power he has himself initiated. The violent deaths of the courts are not murders—the violent seizures of the law are not thefts. The self same acts which the ruler prohibits to each individual, he is himself bound to perform on offenders, for the good of the whole. Either a retributive law, or chaos. There is no further alternative. But if a retributive law—if without it in society, there would be anarchy; if without it in nature, there would be chaos—who so safe a custodian of its powers as a God. Can man demand to use a power himself which he denies to his Maker? Preposterous! Now, then, we say that no instance can be shown in the Bible, wherein God has thus used malign agencies save *retributively*; as punishments; in defence of the good; turning back on the head of the evil man, the evil forces he had himself evoked. In the case of the Hebrews and Egyptians, what more proper than that the former should be remunerated for their long years of labor out of the "ornaments" of the latter. The fact is, it was a very mild administration of the moral law, for the offender. In the case of Ahab, who not only would not believe, but persecuted God's prophets, what more proper than that he should be given over at last to the lying prophets. And so it will be found in any case that can be selected. A large collection of similar objections were once made by Mr. Paine, but Bishop Watson, in his "Apology for the Bible," mowed them down as the mower sweeps down a field of grass. In short, so certain is the immaculate excellence of the moral substance of the Bible, that it has of late years become the most approved strategy of the antagonistic side to admit, and even extol it. How, then, need I any other guide of my faith and practice in spiritual things? But if I did need such, where could I find it? For to what has been asserted already, there is this yet to be added—that there is no other system—as all men of all parties will allow—which supports its teachings by sanctions so solemn; that so daunts the evil; that so solaces and inspires the good; that goes so profoundly into the substance of the soul. Who, seriously inclined to make a right choice, could hesitate for a day between this remarkable book and the flimsy substitutes proffered in lieu of it? Why, I have seen some of the most bitter and eloquent opponents of its inspiration in Europe, with the book lying open before them, whilst they read its words to their auditors, and inculcated its moral precepts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Apology for the Quakers

HOW A PLAN OF CHERBOURG WAS GOT.—No doubt the Emperor Napoleon is perfectly aware of the fact that in our Ordnance Office there are plans of the works at Cherbourg, quite as accurate and complete as will be that model which he is to present to our Queen. No thanks for this to the French authorities, for they were obtained by the skill, the patience, and the tact of one of our engineer officers. Two or three years ago, you might have met at one of the hotels of that town, an English gentleman who seemed one of the idlest of mortals, and at the same time one of the most eccentric in his tastes. It was difficult to understand why a man, who really seemed to have nothing to do—whose time was passed in strolling in *cafés* and in lounging—should have selected so dull a place as Cherbourg for the very protracted stay he made. No professional object could, it would seem, have taken him there, for no one ever saw anything in his hands but a walking-stick; and although it is true that he did occasionally smoke a cigar now on this bastion and now on that ravelin, no one ever saw him take the trouble to make anything like a tour of the enciente, and among the visitors to the port none were so incurious as to the works going on. And yet all the time that man was making a plan of the works. His harmless-looking walking-stick was a yard measure. As he trailed it listlessly up and down, it was doing its work. A pocket instrument measured every angle when no one's eye was upon him. And thus, by visiting in succession during many months every portion of the fortifications, and combining his notes, our countryman had at last the satisfaction of placing in the hands of the military authorities that complete and accurate survey of the fortifications of Cherbourg which they now possess.—*Correspondent of Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A very plain brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;—
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;—
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Governor's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, not so large, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true cashmere,—
Some cheerful crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear,
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

O. W. HOLMES *in Atlantic Monthly.*

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

When we had extended the six weeks which we meant to pass in London to two months, I expressed a wish of returning into the country; and Seymour complied with so little reluctance, that I prepared to return home with a much lighter heart than I had expected ever to feel again. But Mrs. Pendarves had a parting gift for me in her own way—a piece of intelligence which clouded over the unexpected brilliancy of my home-prospects.

"Well, my dear niece," said she, "I am glad you are going, though I am sorry to part with you; for I do not like Seymour's friend, Lord Charles Belmour. He seems to me, my dear, to have, in the words of the poet—

"'That low cunning which from fools supplies,
And aptly, too, the means of being wise.'

And I have thought no good of him ever since I saw him come out of Lady Bell Singleton's house with your husband."

"What!" cried I, catching hold of a chair, for my strength seemed suddenly to fail me, "does my husband visit Lady Bell?"

"Yes, that once I am sure he did; but then I do not doubt that Lord Charles took him there; for I am told his great pleasure is to alienate his married friends from their wives."

Alas! from what a pinnacle of happiness and confidence did this foolish woman cast me down in one moment! Reply I could not; and she went on to give me one piece of advice—and that was, never, if I could help it, to admit Lord Charles within my doors, and to discourage his intimacy with my husband as much as I could.

By this time, I had a little recovered this overwhelming blow, and I resolved, in *self-defence*, and in defence of my husband's character, to tell her I must believe she was mistaken in thinking she saw Pendarves come out of Lady Bell's house; but whether that were true or false, I must request her to keep such communications to herself in future, as a wife was the *last* person whom any one should presume to inform of the errors of her husband. But company came in; and soon after my uncle drove up to the house, in his traveling carriage, and in a few minutes more they were both on the road to Cornwall. If Seymour, when he came in, had found me alone with Mrs. Pendarves, he would have attributed the strange abstraction of my manner to some information which she had given me; but he now imputed it to the headache of which I with justice complained; and when my visitors went away, he tenderly urged me to go to my chamber, and lie down.

This was fortunate, as I should have disliked excessively to tell him what his aunt had seen, and to let him observe how uneasy the communication had made me; for I was aware that a wife whose jealousy is so very apt to take alarm, is as troublesome to a husband as one whose nerves are so weak that she goes into a fit at the slightest noise, and starts at the mere shutting of a door. Still, my husband's ignorance of the cause of my indisposition was a great trial to me, for it forced me to have, for the *first time*, a secret from him. And *he*, too, it seemed, was keeping a secret from *me*; for spite of my entreaties that he would always tell me himself what it might grieve me to hear from others, he had called on Lady Bell Singleton, without telling me that he had done so!

Alas! I did indeed lie down, and I did indeed darken my room; but it was to hide my agitation and my tears; nor till Pendarves went out to dinner, which with some difficulty I prevailed on him to do, did I suffer the light to penetrate into my apartments, or my swollen eye-lids to be seen of any one. But then I rose—then, too, I rallied my spirits; for, in the first place, I was cheered by my husband's affectionate unwillingness to leave me, and in the next, I had nearly convinced myself that Mrs. Pendarves had not seen him when she fancied she did.

By this resolute endeavor to look only on the *bright side*, I was enabled, when my husband returned—which he did very early—to receive him with unforced smiles and cheerfulness.

The next day we set off immediately after breakfast, on our journey home; and I met my mother with a countenance so happy, that the look of anxious inquiry with which she beheld me was immediately exchanged for one of fearful joy.

"Thank God! my dearest child," she fervently exclaimed, "that I see you again, and see you *thus*!"

Why had she looked so anxious, and so inquiringly! and *why* was she thus so evidently surprised, as well as rejoiced?

No doubt, thought I, she is in correspondence with our gossipping aunt, and she has told my mother all she told me; no doubt, also, *she* has all along been that secret source whence was derived my mother's fear of uniting me to Pendarves. But then, was not her information derived from her husband—and was it not always only too authentic?

As these thoughts passed my mind, it was well for me that my mother was talking to Seymour, and did not observe me.

Two months had greatly embellished the appearance of our abode; and it looked so green and gay, and was so fragrant from the summer flowers, that Pendarves, always alive to present objects and present impressions, exclaimed, as we followed my mother through the grounds,

"Dearest Helen! why should we ever leave this paradise of sweets? Here let us live and die!"

"Agreed," said I; and my mother looked at us with delighted eyes, but eyes that beamed through tears.

Calm and tranquil were the months that followed—though my husband's brow was always clouded when letters arrived bearing the London post-mark; and when I asked who his correspondent was, he answered, "Lord Charles;" but never communicated to me the contents of these letters.

In walking, riding, receiving and paying visits, passed the time till September, when my husband had an invitation to spend a few days in Norfolk, on a shooting excursion; and when he returned, he found me confined to my sofa with indisposition. Never had woman a tenderer nurse than he proved himself during the three succeeding months; at the end of that time I was quite recovered; and as he had business in London, he declared his intention of going thither for some days, as he could not bear, he said, to leave me some few months later, and when a time was approaching so dear to his wishes and expectations.

To London, therefore, he went, and left me to combat and indulge, alternately, the fears of a jealous and the confidence of a tender wife.

His letters became a *study* to me. I tried to find out, by his expressions, in what state of mind he wrote. Sometimes I fancied them hurried, and expressive of a mind not at ease with itself; then, in another passage, I read the unembarrassed eloquence of faithful and confiding love.

During his absence, my mother found me a sad companion: I was for ever falling into reverie, and a less penetrating eye than hers would have discovered that my symptoms were those of mental uneasiness.

At length he returned, and he gazed on my faded cheek and evidently anxious countenance with such tender concern, that my care-worn brow instantly resumed its wonted cheerfulness; and when my mother came to welcome him, she was surprised at the alteration in my looks.

"Foolish child!" said she, in a faltering voice, when Pendarves left the room, "foolish child! to depend thus for happiness—nay, health and life itself, perhaps, on one of frail and human mould! I see how it is with you: you were ill and anxious yesterday, but *he* is come, and you need no other physician."

"Did you see much of Lord Charles?" said I the next day, looking earnestly for my needle while I spoke, as I was conscious that my countenance was not tranquil.

"No—yes—on the whole I did. But why do you ask? I believe he is no favorite of yours."

"Certainly not."

"But I hope, Helen, you are not so very a wife as to wish me to give up an old friend merely because he does not please *you*!"

"No; I am not so unreasonable, even though I could give substantial reasons for my dislike."

"And pray what are these reasons? Oh! that reminds me of a joke Lord Charles has against you, Helen. He tells me he is sure you thought that he fell in love with you, when, on being first presented to you, he expressed his admiration in his usual frank way, which means *nothing*; for he says your prudery took alarm, and you drew up your beautiful neck to its utmost height, and have My lordod and Your lordshipped him ever since into the most awful distance."

"True; but for a manner that *means nothing*, I never saw a manner more offensive to a modest wife. However, I am very glad he has been so clear-sighted as to my motives; for I wish him to know that I do not love such marked homage from him, or any other *friend of yours*, even in a joke."

"You are piqued, Helen."

"I am."

"Perhaps you wish me to call Lord Charles out? But, indeed, were I to call out all the men who look at you with admiring eyes, I should soon sleep with *my* fathers, or send numbers to sleep with *theirs*. No, no, excuse me, Helen: I will not quarrel with Lord Charles; for even if the fire ever was kindled, your snow has now completely extinguished it; and I do assure you, he is a very good fellow, though odd, and not always pleasant."

"Is he paying his court to that Lady Bell?" said I, speaking her name with difficulty, and preceding it with an impertinent *that*.

"I really—I—cannot say positively. But *that Lady Bell*, as you emphatically call her, has quarrelled with that fine young man whom you saw at Ranelagh, and perhaps it is on his account."

I said no more, for I saw his color heighten, and that his manner was hurried; and I tried to believe that the quarrel was wholly on Lord Charles Belmour's account.

I now, however, took myself seriously to task, for was I not violating a wife's duty, in trying to find errors in the conduct of my husband? and was I not, by so doing, endangering my own peace of mind, my health, and consequently, in my situation, my life? Was I not also depressing those spirits, and weakening those powers of exertion, which ought to make home agreeable and alluring to the dear object of my weak solicitude?

The result of this severe self-examination was, that I resolutely determined to turn away from every anxious and jealous suggestion—to believe, as long as I could, that my husband was as deserving of my love and confidence when absent as he was when present, and to make a vigorous effort to stop myself on my way to being a fretful, jealous, and miserable wife.

Nor did I break my resolution, as you well know, my dear friend; for, if I had, you would never have even fancied that I deserved to be exhibited as an example of a wife's duty. But if I had not begun to *school* myself when I did, all would have been over with me.

I cannot help observing here, that this painful jealousy, which I endured so early in my married life, was owing to my having, in despite of my mother's wise prohibition, united myself to a man, of the steadiness of whose principles I had had too much reason to doubt; and I could not help saying to myself sometimes, "If I had married De Walden, I should have had none of these misgivings."

As the hour of my confinement drew nearer and nearer, Seymour's tender attention increased; and at length, after severe suffering, I became a mother; but scarcely had I been allowed to gaze upon my child—scarcely had I heard its first faint cry, (that sound which thrills so powerfully through the heart,) when its voice was stopped by death, and it closed its eyes forever.

I am afraid I should have borne this affliction very ill, had I not been obliged to exert myself to quiet the fears of my husband and my mother for my life, as they thought that the shock might be fatal.

I had also to console them, for they were both grieved and disappointed. But their feelings were transitory; mine were still in full force when they believed they were forgotten; for, besides the sorrow I felt for the loss of that being whose helpless cry still vibrated in my ears, I felt that I had lost in it a strong cement to the tie which bound my husband to me; nor, till I found myself again likely to become a mother, was I really consoled.

A circumstance happened which induced me to conceal my situation; and this was an invitation which my mother received from the Count De Walden, to accompany his sister and her husband back to Switzerland, when they left England, which they were then visiting, and to stay some months with him and Ferdinand De Walden.

This invitation I well knew she would refuse, if she knew that accepting it would prevent her being with me during my period of suffering; and I allowed her to depart for Switzerland, with the expectation of being returned time enough to attend on me.

I own that this was a great trial to my selfishness, as I knew I should miss her greatly; but I thought the excursion would be so pleasing a one to her, that I felt it my duty to make the sacrifice. I suffered my husband to remain in ignorance also, lest he should betray me to her; and I had judged rightly; for when I owned the truth to him, it was with great difficulty I could prevail on him not to write, and say I had deceived her.

Alas! I had but too much reason to regret even this deception, which might be called a virtuous one.

It so happened that I had no married friend, or near relation, who could come to be with me at that time; and as Pendarves wished me to have a female companion, I was induced to accept the eagerly proffered services of a young lady, the eldest daughter of a numerous family, who had conceived a great attachment to my husband and me, and was very solicitous to be with me during my confinement.

The girl had such a warm and open manner, that I fancied her one of the most artless of human beings; I was so weak as to consider the gross flattery which she lavished on me and on Pendarves, as the honest overflowings of an affectionate heart.

I was, I own, a little startled when she used to kiss my husband's picture as it lay on my table, when she became my guest, and when I saw her come behind him, and cut off a lock of his hair. But as she afterwards begged for a piece of mine, that she might unite them in a locket, I considered this little circumstance as nothing but a flight of girlish romance.

What Pendarves thought of it, I know not; but he blushed excessively when he saw that I observed it, and tried to take the hair from her; on which a sort of romping ensued, that I thought vulgar, I own; but it called forth no other feeling.

Perhaps had she been handsome, I should not have been so easy; but she was, in my eyes, plain, and could scarcely, I thought, be called a fine girl. Besides, I had heard Seymour say she was dowdy and awkward. But few men are proof against the flatteries and attentions of any woman who is not old and ugly; and I soon found, though without any jealous fear, that Charlotte Jermyn had power to amuse my husband, and that her enthusiastic admiration of every thing which she liked was a source of never-failing entertainment to him.

He now was sufficiently intimate with her, he thought, to venture to hint the necessity of a reform in her dress; and she wore better clothes, became clean, if not neat, and in time she even learnt to look rather tidy; while Pendarves was flattered to see the effect of his admonitions, and used to reward her by challenging her to a long walk.

At length, after I had been confined to my sofa some weeks, I had the happiness of giving birth to a daughter; and my young nurse was most kind and assiduous in her attendance upon me; indeed, so much so, that she often shortened my husband's visits, on the kind plea that I was not yet strong enough to bear long ones from one so dear; and I, though reluctantly, dismissed him.

But I soon observed, that her *own* visits became very short; that she used still to kiss me, and call me "dearest creature!" and tell me how beautiful I looked in my night-cap; but now, when I asked for her I was told that she was gone out with Pendarves. And once, as he was standing by my bedside, she was not contented with saying he had been with me long enough, but she linked her arm in his, and dragged him away, in a manner at once hoydenish and familiar.

I also saw, that though she loaded my sweet baby with caresses when he was present, and tried to take her from him, she scarcely noticed it when he was absent.

Still I felt no distrust, because I had confidence in my husband's honor and affection. But I now saw that the countenances of my nurse and of my own maid, when I inquired for Miss Jermyn, used to assume an angry expression; and once my maid muttered, that she supposed she was with her master, for he could not stir but she was after him.

This I did not seem to hear; but it made me thoughtful.

When I had been confined three weeks, I was able to leave my chamber for my dressing-room, which overlooked the garden; and one day, as I ventured to the window for the first time, I saw Charlotte Jermyn walking with my husband, and ever and anon hanging on his arm, almost leaning her head against him occasionally, and looking up in his face (he the while reading a book) with an expression of fondness which alarmed and disgusted me. I then saw her snatch the book from him: and as he tried to regain it, a great romping match ensued, and lasted till they ran out of my sight, and left me pale, motionless, and miserable. For I found that I had been exposing my husband to the allurements of a coquettish romp; and though I acquitted both him and her of aught that was wrong, I still felt that no prudent wife would place the man she loved in such a situation.

Many, many a wife, it is well known, has had to rue the hour when, at a period like this, she has introduced into her family a young and seemingly-attached friend.

What was to be done? I saw that the *servants* were aware of what was passing, and they would not judge with the candor that I did. I therefore convinced myself, that regard for my husband's reputation, and not jealousy, determined me to get down stairs, and out again as fast as possible, in order that I might make some excuse for sending my dangerous attendant away, or at least be a guard over her conduct.

But to my great surprise and joy, my beloved mother arrived most unexpectedly that morning; for I had insisted on her not returning sooner on my account, as I was so well. However, she did come; and I received her with rapture, for more reasons than one; for now I had an excuse for sending Miss Jermyn away directly, as I wanted the best room for my mother.

Accordingly, I told her that in two days' time my mother would take up her abode with us for a few weeks; and that, as Miss Jermyn had long been desirous of her return, I hoped she would hold herself in readiness to set off for home on the next day but one, as my mother always slept in the room which *she* occupied.

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Seymour! do not send me away from you!" cried the strange girl, clasping and wringing her hands, "or I shall die with grief—for I shall think you do not love me, and I shall never survive it!"

The time for my belief in such rhodomontade was now happily past, and I coolly replied, that "in no other but the best and most convenient room in the house could I allow my mother to sleep; therefore, she *must* go."

"Why so, Mrs. Seymour? I can sleep anywhere. There is a press bed in the little room; and I care not where I sleep, so I am but permitted to stay."

Here she attempted to throw her arms fondly around me, while she repeated,

"Do—there's a sweet woman! do let me stay!"

"Impossible!" I replied, disengaging myself, with a look of aversion, from her embrace. On which she started up, and exclaimed—

"I am sure some one has been telling you stories of me, and you are set against me."

"There is no one in this house, Miss Jermyn, who would presume to say anything to me against any guest of mine."

"And, pray, does Mr. Pendarves know I am to be sent away at a moment's warning?"

"He does not yet know that you are going away at *two days'* notice, to make room for my mother, and that I may enjoy her society, after a long absence, uninterrupted."

"Oh! if that be all, I will promise never to interrupt your *tête-a-têtes*."

"They will not be *tête-a-têtes*; my husband will be of our party."

"And, pray," answered she, with great sullenness, "how am I to go home? I am sure Mr. Pendarves will not approve of me going home in the stage without a protector."

"Nor would his wife; and I will settle the mode of conveyance with him."

"Oh! if I must go, I will see if I cannot settle that myself."

At this moment, my mother entered the room, and with her my husband; and Miss, to hide her disordered countenance, abruptly disappeared.

"What is the matter with Miss Jermyn?" said Seymour.

And I told him; but in a voice that was not as assured as I wished it to be.

"So soon!" cried he, starting. "Is it not too sudden? Will it not look as if she was sent away in a hurry?"

"Sent away in a hurry!" exclaimed my mother, looking earnestly in his face. "Why should any one suspect that?"

"Oh dear! no one ought, certainly; but after her having stayed so long—however, I think she has been here long enough, and the sooner she goes the better."

"Then, as you think thus, and her mother has long wished for her, her departure shall remain fixed for the day after to-morrow, and—" Here I was interrupted by Seymour's being called out of the room. He did not return for some minutes; when he did, he seemed disturbed.

During his absence, the nurse brought me my child; and both my mother and myself were too agreeably engaged with her to talk of Charlotte Jermyn. But Seymour's evident abstraction and uneasy countenance drew my mother's attention to him; and after a moment's thought she said, "That seems a very strange, presuming girl, Seymour; and I really think with you it is time she were gone."

"Oh yes—certainly; and she was very willing to go."

"So much the better," replied my mother; while I suppressed, for fear of alarming her suspicions, the "How do you know that?" which was on my lips; for, if her feelings were so changed, he must have changed them; and she it was who had desired him to be called out of the room.

Seymour's horses now came to the door; but before he left us, I begged to know how he meant Miss Jermyn should travel.

"She came," said I, "in the coach which passes our gate; and then her mother's maid came with her, and I cannot spare a servant to attend her."

"I can drive her home in my curricle: if we set off at five in the morning, we can perform the journey with ease before dark."

Pendarves said this in a hurried, conscious manner, which did not escape the quick eye of my mother; and while I hesitated how I could best word my decided objection to this plan, which would, I knew, excite disagreeable observation among the servants, that ever-watchful friend replied, "Hear my plan—it is far better than yours. The mornings are yet cold and dark at five: lend me your horses for my chariot: and as I want to visit a friend of De Walden's, who lives half way to Mr. Jermyn's, with whom I have business, I will take this opportunity of going. My maid shall accompany us; and while I stay at Mr. Dumont's, she shall see Miss Jermyn safe to her father's."

"Well, if Miss Jermyn likes this plan."

"She would prefer going with you, no doubt," said I, smiling; "but as this plan will be a convenience to my mother, we need not consult her wishes."

"Oh no—very true, very true," said he, in a fluttered tone (but not owning that he had promised to drive her): "and when I return from my ride, I shall expect to find you have arranged everything with her."

He then ran down stairs, and galloped off, as if to avoid speaking to Charlotte; for I saw her from the window run along the path to the road, to catch his eye if she could, and give him a signal to stop and speak to her.

Soon after she joined us; and I thought I saw a triumphant meaning on her countenance, which increased to a look of almost avowed exultation; when, on my saying, "Now, let us tell you how we have arranged matters for your journey," she eagerly interrupted me, and exclaimed, "Oh! I have arranged that with Mr. Pendarves, and he is to drive me in his curricle."

I did not answer her, for her look disconcerted me; but my mother did, coldly saying,

"Mr. Pendarves did mean to do so, but for my convenience he has altered his plan."

She then went on to inform her what the new plan was; and the mortified, indignant girl burst into tears, and left the room.

"That is a very self-willed, pernicious young person, I suspect," observed my mother; "but I flatter myself that her journey with me will do her some good—at least, if it does not, it shall not be my fault."

Then, being too wise and too delicate to say more, she changed the subject; nor was any allusion made to Miss Jermyn till Seymour returned on foot; for he left his horse at the stables; and as he saw us in the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, he came in at the window, being impatient, he said, to welcome me *down stairs*.

But he had probably another reason for that mode of entrance; he feared, I suspect, that Charlotte Jermyn would want to speak to him, and he was not disposed to listen to her reproaches, for having given up his design of driving her home.

My suspicions were confirmed by my seeing her walking along the path which commanded the approach to the house; and this path Seymour had avoided by going to the stables, but she did not long remain there, for on looking towards the house, she saw my husband standing at the window with me, with one arm round my waist, while with his disengaged hand, he was stroking the cheek of the child which I held to my bosom, and was rocking to rest.

Happy as I was at this moment, I could not help throwing a hasty glance towards this strange girl, who now rapidly drew near, and as she passed the window, curtsied to us with a countenance in which every unamiable feeling seemed to be uppermost.

She then threw open the half-door with violence—threw it to with the same force—then ran to her own chamber, and closed the door of that with such energy, that it could be heard all over the house. Nor did we see her again till dinner, when, although she had taken uncommon pains with her dress, her eyes were swelled with crying, and her whole appearance so indicative of gentle sorrow, that Seymour's voice softened even to tenderness when he addressed her, and mine was consequently as strikingly cold and severe. Meanwhile, my mother was a silent, but an observant spectator, and both Pendarves and Miss Jermyn seemed oppressed by the penetrating glance of her eye.

In the evening, Seymour proposed reading to us aloud; and as I wished to sit up late, for reasons you may easily guess, I was glad of so good an excuse as staying to hear an interesting book. But I had reason to repent having allowed feeling to prevail over prudence, for when my mother came to me the next day, she found I had caught cold, and together with the fatigue of sitting up too late, was in no condition to go down that day *at all*. Nor could my mother bear to leave me: consequently, I had the mortification of finding that in trying to avoid a slight evil, I had fallen into a greater. But my mother, who had, I doubt not, heard from her maid what the servants had observed, requested Miss Jermyn would be so kind as to sit with us, and teach her two sorts of work which she excelled in; and she could not, without great incivility, refuse compliance. However, at the hour when she was accustomed to walk with Seymour, she started up, declaring she could stay no longer, because it was her last day there, and she was sure Mr. Pendarves would walk with her. We could not object to this on any proper ground, and she was putting her knitting and her netting into her work-bag, when we heard a carriage drive to the door, and a servant came up to inform me that Lord Charles Belmour was below, and his master desired him to say he meant to dine with us.

Little did I think that Lord Charles would ever be a welcome guest to me; but at this moment he was so, for I saw that Charlotte Jermyn looked disappointed. My joy, however, vanished when I recollected that it was by no means desirable Lord Charles should witness this indiscreet girl's evident attachment to Pendarves; and just before she went to her own apartment, my mother said, to my great relief, "You must then dine with us to-day, Miss Jermyn; for you are too young and too old at the same time to be the only female at a table where Lord Charles Belmour is."

"Well, if I *must* I must," was her reply, and she left us.

But while I was rejoicing that circumstances would force her to dine with us, I heard her rapidly ascending the stairs; and throwing open the door hastily, she told us with a look of delight, that she was going to walk; for Lord Charles had brought his sister, Lady Harriet, with him, whom he was conveying home from school for the holidays, and Mr. Pendarves had told her she must do the honors to the young lady, as *I* was not able to attend her. "And so," she added, "I must also dine below, for he *told* me so." And without waiting for our opinion or reply, she again disappeared; and we soon after saw her laughing with Lord Charles on the lawn, as if she had known him for years.

"How he will *show her off*," said my mother, "to-day! That young man has more ingenious malignity about him than any one I ever saw. When I was nursing Seymour at Oxford, he came to see him, and in order to make the poor invalid laugh, he used to make masters, deans, and fellow-commoners pass in rapid succession before us, like the distorted figures in a magic lantern."

This view of what was likely to happen was a relief to my mind, for I had not expected that Lord Charles would try to draw her forth for his own amusement; I had feared he would be contented to amuse himself with observing her admiration of Pendarves.

When they returned from their walk, I was vexed to observe that Lady Harriet held her brother's arm, not my husband's; and I also saw that Charlotte leaned on him and looked up in his face in the same improper manner as she did when they were alone. I was very glad that Lord Charles and his sister walked before them.

Pendarves now came up-stairs to beg, as I was not able to dine below, or see Lord Charles otherwise, that I would go to the window and kiss my hand to him in token of welcome; for that he was afraid to stay, because he believed he was a disagreeable guest, and that I kept up-stairs merely because he was come. He also begged that I would, after dinner, admit Lady Harriet for a few minutes.

I promised compliance with both of these requests, and went to the window directly.

Lord Charles answered my really cordial salutation with a most lowly bow, and a countenance meant to express everything that was respectful and courteous, and drew from my mother, to whom he also bowed, the observation of, "Graceful coxcomb! Now do I fancy him saying within himself, 'There, I have made that haughty old woman believe that I respect her and her loftiness, to her heart's content.'"

Pendarves could not help smiling at this right reading, as it probably was, of his satirical friend's thoughts; but he assured her that admiration the most unbounded was, as well as respect, felt by his friend towards her; and that he considered a woman of her age as in the prime of her charms.

"Nonsense!" cried my mother; and my husband, laughing, returned to Lord Charles.

Charlotte Jermyn did not come to us before she went down to dinner, as she had Lady Harriet with her, but when they left the room, I desired to see them in mine, and for the first time I thought her pretty, for her cheeks glowed with a very brilliant and becoming color, which added to the fire of her eyes; and her dress was neat and lady-like. She had the countenance, too, of one who had been much

commended, and felt certain that the commendations were sincere.

"I am glad she is going to-morrow," said I, mentally, and I sighed at the same time. Lady Harriet was a good foil to her, except in *manners*—for there, there could be no comparison; and by the side of Lady Harriet, Miss Jermyn was pretty.

As soon as they had had coffee, the brother and sister drove off, but not before Lord Charles had fixed to return that day fortnight to dinner, on condition of my dining below.

When they were gone, my mother went down to make tea; and after that meal was ended, she asked if there was any objection to Seymour's going on in my dressing-room with the book which he began the night before, and in his reading till it was time for me to go to rest.

He complied instantly, and read till I was tired.

My mother then proposed that he should read me to sleep; to this he also agreed; and while I lay with the curtains closed round, my mother, he, and Charlotte sat round the fire; and it was eleven before I ceased to hear, and Pendarves retired to his own chamber.

My mother then went away, desiring Charlotte to be ready at six, as she should breakfast with her at that hour. But, as I afterwards found, she reached our house on foot before six, and just as Pendarves came down stairs.

By these apparently undesigned circumstances, my mother prevented any scene that might have called forth unpleasant observations in the family; but she could not prevent a most sorrowful parting on the side of the young lady. She wept, she sighed, she leaned against Seymour's shoulder, when he put his lips to her cheek; and he was nearly obliged to carry her to the carriage, for she declared she would not go till she had taken leave of me; but my mother was as positive that I should not be disturbed, and Pendarves gently forced her to the door.

What passed between my mother and her when they were on the journey, and alone—for the maid always preferred travelling outside—I do not know; but I suspect that she animadverted on her conduct and want of self-control in a manner more judicious than pleasant.

During these vexatious occurrences I must own that it was a sort of comfort to me that my aunt Pendarves had such inflamed eyes that she could not write; for otherwise the chances were that she might hear some exaggerated accounts of our visitor's conduct, and might think it necessary to address one of us on the subject, and give us *good advice*.

Well: this pernicious girl was gone, and my mind at ease again. Still I feared that she had done me a serious injury: not that I believed she had alienated my husband's heart from *me*, or from propriety; but she had been the first person to accustom him to find amusement at home *independent of me* and of the exertion of my talents. He was an indolent man, and she had amused him, and beguiled away his hours, without obliging him to any *exertion of mind*. Besides, she was not only a new companion but a new conquest. He was certainly flattered by it, and evidently interested. I was led to draw these conclusions by observing the gayish state into which Pendarves fell the day of her departure. He seemed to miss an accustomed dram. He gave me indeed, on my requesting it, a lesson in Spanish, which I had long neglected; but he seemed to do it as if it was a trouble, and he was too absent to make the lesson of much use. I however forbore to remark what I could not but painfully feel, and I fancied that my best plan would be to contrive some new objects of interest at home, if I could; but on second thoughts I resolved to propose that he should visit a sick friend of his at Malvern hills, for a few days, as I believed it not to be for my interest that he should stay to contrast his *present* with his *late* home; but that he should go away to return from *an invalid* and the *cold* hills of *Malvern*, to me and his own comfortable dwelling.

I no sooner named my plan to him than he eagerly caught at it, declaring that he had wished to go, but feared that I should think the wish unkind. Accordingly he only stayed to see my mother comfortably settled as my guest, and then set off for Malvern. Nor did he return till three or four days before he expected Lord Charles. By that time I had recovered my bloom and my strength, and our infant had acquired *a fortnight's growth*,—an interesting event in the life of a young parent: and I assure you it was thought such by Pendarves; and while he complimented me on my restored comeliness, and held his little Helen in his arms, I felt that he had no thought or wish beyond those whom he clasped and looked upon.

I could now join him again in his walks, and in his rides or drives.

My mother threw a great charm over our evenings by her descriptions of the country which she had so lately seen, and of the scientific men with whom she had associated. But Seymour and I both fancied that she was rather reserved and embarrassed when she talked of Count De Walden. Nor could I help being desirous of finding out the reason. One day I told her how sorry I was to think that she had shortened her agreeable visit entirely on my account; but, as if thrown off her guard, she eagerly replied, "Oh, no! I was very glad of an excuse for coming away;" and this was followed by such manifest confusion of countenance and manner that I suspected the reason, and at last I prevailed on her to confess it.

The truth was that Count De Walden, who had admired her in America, when she was a wife, as much as an honorable man can admire the wife of another, could not live in the same house with a woman still lovely, and even more than ever intellectual and agreeable, without *feeling for her a very sincere affection*; and as their ages were suitable, he made her proposals of marriage of the most advantageous and generous nature. But my mother could not love again: and though at her time of life, and that of her lover, she thought that mutual esteem and the wish to secure a companion for declining years was a sufficient excuse for a second marriage; still she had an unconquerable aversion to form any connexion, and more especially one which would remove her to such a distance from me. When she told me how strongly she had been solicited, and that the advantages which she should ultimately secure to me by this union were held up to her in so seducing a light, as nearly once to overset her resolution, I was so overcome by the thought of the escape which I had had, that I threw my arms round her, and bursting into an agony of tears exclaimed, "What could ever have made me amends for losing you? The very idea of it kills me."

My mother was excessively affected when I said this; but I soon saw that her tears were not tears of tenderness alone; and looking at me with an expression of sadness on her countenance, she said, "Two years ago, my poor child, you would have better borne the idea of such a separation; and had I been a jealous person, I should have been hurt to see how completely a husband can supersede even a mother. But I was pleased to see this, because I saw in it a proof that you were a happy wife: but perhaps you have now an idea, though still a happy wife I trust, of the great *value of a parent*, and can appreciate more justly *that love* which nothing can ever alienate, or ever render less."

What could I answer her, and how?

I did not attempt to speak, but I continued to hold her in my arms, and at last I could utter, "No, no, I never never can bear to part with you."

That day Lord Charles Belmour came, according to his promise, and just as I had convinced myself that it was my duty to overcome my dislike to him, and to endeavor to convert him from an enemy into a friend. Accordingly, I went down to dinner, prepared to receive him even with smiles: but recollecting, when I saw him, his impudent assertion, that his admiration of me had *meant nothing*, and that I was an alarmed prude, my usual coldness came over me, while the deepest blushes dyed my cheeks.

However, I extended my hand to him, which he kissed and pressed; and as he relinquished it, he turned up his eyes, and muttered, "An gelic woman!" in a manner so equivocal, that, consistent as it seemed with "his joke against me," I could not help giving way to evident laughter.

Lord Charles was too quick of apprehension to be affronted at my mirth; on the contrary, he felt assured and flattered by it. He had expressed his admiration only in *derision* and *impertinence*, and as he saw that I *understood* him, he felt that we were much nearer being friends than we had ever been before; and when our eyes met, a look almost amounting to one of kindness passed between us. Lord Charles now became particularly animated; but some allusion which he had made to Lady Bell Singleton, while addressing my husband, made me distrustful again, and I relapsed into my usual manner; and he was *My lord*, and *Your lordship*, during the rest of the dinner. Nor could I be insensible to the look of menace which I subsequently beheld in his countenance. It was not long before the storm burst on my devoted head. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALABAMA'S HOCK WINE.—We publish the following from the New York Post:

"A friend and correspondent, in whose judgment we have great confidence, has presented us with a bottle of Citronelle wine, which, he informs us, was made from the Catawba grape grown on the farm of Dr. Ulrich, called "Ulrica," near the Tallapoosa river, Tallapoosa county Ala. He states that the wine is the pure juice of the grape, without the addition of the slightest particle of alcohol. Its color is that of a beautiful topaz; and its rich fruity flavor is that which could be obtained only by the process of mellowing grape juice into wine.

"Dr. Ulrich, the manufacturer of this wine, is a German, well acquainted with the process of making Rhenish wines in his own country, and he is willing to place his Catawba Alabama hock by the side of the finest grades of hock wines imported from Europe; and some of his countrymen now in New York, declare that it is pure juice, and of a very superior quality and flavor; and so far as our own judgment is to be relied upon, we subscribe fully to the facts set forth by our correspondent.

"Dr. Ulrich states to our correspondent that he has tried both white and slave labor in the cultivation of his vineyards, and finds the latter decidedly preferable; and that, with a favorable season, he expects to produce not less than four thousand gallons of still and sparkling hock, next year, and hardly less than ten the succeeding year, and an increased quantity every year thereafter. He also states that his lands will produce *eight* hundred gallons of wine to the acre, while the climate is far better for the grape than any in Germany.

"While the North Carolina Catawba grape, cultivated in Alabama, produces so enormously of superior wine, the Doctor is about to import cuttings from his own country, in order to ascertain how they will thrive on the Tallapoosa instead of the Rhine. He reports very free sales on draft at five dollars a gallon for the first quality, on his farm, and three dollars and fifty cents for the second quality. Our readers will calculate the amount of income from the production of ten thousand gallons of this wine per annum, and upward; and we believe the people of our country will hail the promise of so much wine, because it will inevitably reduce the use of ardent spirits, and improve the health and morals of our people in proportion. If we require evidence that such will be the result, we need only refer to portions of France where wines are drank to the almost total expulsion of distilled liquors. If the price of this Alabama wine is too great for the purses of ordinary people, the fact that eight hundred gallons per acre may be produced argues that, by increased cultivation of the grape, the wine may be had ere long for twenty-five cents a gallon; for who would not be satisfied with a production of two hundred dollars an acre by his lands, while the cotton and sugar planter is well satisfied with fifty dollars an acre.

EFFECTS OF COFFEE ON DISEASE.—Dr. Mosley observes, in his "Treatise on Coffee," that the great use of the article in France is supposed to have abated the prevalence of the gravel. In the French colonies, where coffee is more used than in the English, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gravel but the gout is scarcely known. Dr. Faur relates, as an extraordinary instance of the effect of coffee in gout, the case of Mr. Deveran, who was attacked with gout at the age of 25, and had it severely until he was upward of 50, with chalk stones in the joints of his hands and feet; but for four years preceding the time when the account of his case had been given to Dr. Faur to lay before the public, he had, by advice, used coffee, and had no return of the gout afterward.

IT is estimated that the bank-note circulation of the banks throughout the United States, on the first of July, was one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, resting on a specie basis of one hundred millions.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE total produce of a single fly in one summer is estimated at 2,060,320 flies.

THERE are 4,007 lawyers in the State of New York, including 1,500 in New York city. Happy New York!

EFFECT OF NOT TAKING THE PAPERS.—The Rockville Republican tells of a man living near Stafford who had actually never heard of the Atlantic telegraph. Hearing the bells all ringing in Stafford, he saddled up and rode to town post haste to see what was the matter, and when informed that the cable was laid, he wanted to know *what* cable, and said he had never heard of the thing, and couldn't understand it.—*Hartford Times.*

THAT is a ridiculous story copied from the Boston Bee, to the effect that a large portion of the Atlantic cable was manufactured on this side of the water, a wire factory in Providence having made a thousand tons a day of it. It may relieve the mind of the Boston Bee to know that the whole weight of the Atlantic cable was only about 2,500 tons, and that there is no wire establishment in the world capable of turning out 1,000, nor 100, nor 50, nor even 30 tons a day. So much for that story. We have no information that any portion whatever of the wire for the cable was made in America, though we should have known it had such been the case.—*Mining Chronicle.*

IN Chester county, Pa., the People's Convention has resulted in a split, the friends of the Hon. John Hickman, to the number of 39, having seceded, while the majority of the convention remained, and nominated John M. Broomall, who has also been nominated in Delaware county.

MARTIN KOSTA did not, as reported, die in poverty and want, but is living, in easy circumstances, in Medina county, Texas.

STEEL FOR SHIP BUILDING.—The Scientific American says that on account of the superior lightness, durability and electricity of steel over iron, ships of steel are now being constructed; many are in course of construction in England. The first steel vessel ever built was the small steamer launched for Livingston's Expedition up the Zambesi river, in Africa. The Rainbow has just been built, a vessel of 160 tons, for the river Niger.

A MURDERER RESPITED.—A man named Myers was to have been hung at Columbia on Friday week. The scaffold had been erected, the rope prepared, and a vast crowd had assembled, when the respite was received by the Sheriff. Myers rejected the respite, saying that he was ready to be hung, but he was sent back to prison. The question was generally discussed by the disappointed crowd, whether it was lawful and proper to reprieve a condemned man against his will.

ADVICES from Salt Lake say that Dr. Forney, Indian agent, was out among the tribes, making treaties, and was pretty successful. The Mormons were orderly, and the U. S. Government officials attending to their duties. No arrests had yet been made, but the trials for treason would be commenced as soon as the Associate Judges should arrive. About Salt Lake City the Indians were very troublesome, and had killed several Mormons. One family was massacred while moving south.

THE Yazoo (Miss.) Banner contains an advertisement stating that two of Senator Douglas's slaves were confined in the Yazoo county jail. They had run away from the plantation of Mr. Douglas, in Washington county, Miss.

MR. BURNAP was reaping with a machine, a few days since, in Illinois, when the boy who was driving fell from the seat of the machine, and was thrown in front of the cutters. Both legs and one arm were instantly severed from the body, and the heart torn out.

A long letter appears in a Texas paper concerning the passage of McCullough's emigrant train across the staked plain to California. The Great American Desert, through which the train passed, is a barren waste, and poorly supplied with water. Out of 1,600 head of cattle, 550 died for lack of water, and for a period of seventy-six hours were without a drop to slake their thirst. The men also suffered terribly, and many shot down famishing bullocks on the road, stuck them, pulled off their boots or shoes, caught the *thick hot blood*, and drank it freely. By so doing they saved their lives.

MINERALS IN TEXAS.—The Western Texan says that travellers report that, between San Antonio and El Paso, there are almost literally mountains of iron in some places; and by building fires beside the rocks, the pure ore will melt and run down in puddles. In many places there are silver mines that were deserted years ago by the Spaniards, and large boulders rolled into the shaft—intending, of course, to return when they could be protected from the Indians; but these mines have never yet been reopened.

THE CREATION.—Prof. Gorini, of the University of Lodi, has exhibited a remarkable experiment illustrative of his peculiar theory as to the formation of mountains. He melts some substances, peculiar to his design, in a vessel, and allows the liquid to cool. At first, it presents an even surface; but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification, the resemblance is complete, and M. Gorini also produces on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate.

IT is stated that Mr. Jacob Blunt, thirty-six years of age, died in Manchester, Mass., on Monday last, of voluntary starvation. Mr. B. was paying attention to a young lady of the town some three years ago, but his proposal for marriage was rejected. The disappointment preyed upon his mind, and he soon afterward attempted to blow his brains out, but only succeeded in destroying both eyes. He has consequently remained blind for three years. During that time he once made an unsuccessful attempt to starve himself, but without success. The second time he was successful—meeting his end as above stated. He had partaken of nothing for *nine weeks* but coffee, sweetened water, and morphine—finding his chief sustenance during that time from the fat of his system.

CAUTION TO FARMERS.—A farmer in Belfre Township, Washington Co., Ohio, lost 22 fine sheep, a few days ago, by turning them into a field of raked oats.

FRANK JOHNSON, a free man of color, has just returned to Newcastle, Pennsylvania, after having been a slave in the South for eight years. He was decoyed to Lynchburg, Va., about 1850, since which time he has been a kind of circulating medium throughout the whole region extending from Virginia to South Carolina. He has been sold twelve times, at prices ranging from $500 to $1,000. At length, being identified, his case came up for trial in the Court of Moore county, N. C., by which he was set at liberty.

CABLE INSPIRATION IN THE PULPIT.—The Atlantic telegraph gives birth to an entirely new set of tropes and figures. Rev. Mr. Grigg, of New York, preached a cable sermon last Sunday week, in which he used it after this style:—"When the sulphuric acid of true repentance corrodes the contaminationg zinc of innate depravity and actual sinfulness, the fervent electrical force of prayerful entreaty," &c. Again, "Go to the telegraphic office of the atoning cross, and touch the wire of penitential prayer."

THE latest freak of spiritualism has been an attempt on the part of some believers in that doctrine, in Orleans county, New York, to restore a dead body to life!

THE Republicans have carried the election in Vermont for Governor and members of Congress by about 16,000 majority.

A STUDENT at the recent examination of Andover Theological Seminary, being asked, "In what sense did Christ die for all?" he answered, "He died for the elect, to provide a way of salvation, and for the non-elect that they might be more effectually damned."

IN Bucks, Chester, and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania, and Mercer county, New Jersey, immense flocks of plover have appeared and commenced destroying the grasshoppers. In Bucks, also, the grasshoppers have risen into the air in great swarms, and migrated southward. The country sportsmen have rather unwisely, been making great havoc among the plover, to supply the city markets.

MYSTERIOUS PROCEEDINGS.—About the 20th of August, a young man took lodgings at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La., entering his name as "S. Bostwick, Lasalle, Illinois." On the evening of Saturday, the 28th, he paid for the insertion in one of the New Orleans papers, of his own death notice, got six copies of the paper, sent them to various directions, and took himself to Texas.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts have renominated Gov. Banks.

DURING a military review at Vienna, a Hungarian regiment fired ball cartridges on a German regiment, killing three and wounding eight officers.

THE Belleville (Ill.) Democrat is authorised to say that Judge Breese is not, and will not be, a candidate for the United States Senate, in opposition to Senator Douglas.

AN inquisitive gentleman of a mathematical turn of mind, is engaged in calculating what would be the probable length of the superfluous Atlantic cable, provided all the charms, four inch bits, and sections, now kept as curiosities, were united in one piece.

THE brig Echo, whose name was assumed by the slaver Putnam, recently captured by the U. S. brig Dolphin, arrived in Baltimore, Md., on Friday last, from the West Indies, where she had been in the pursuit of legitimate trade, and her captain is not a little indignant that the name of his vessel should have been assumed by one engaged in piratical pursuits.

THE Atlantic telegraph continues singularly dumb. The insulation remains perfect, but no messages have been received. It is surmised that the removal of the telegrapher, Professor Whitehouse, which was to have occurred about the 1st inst., had something to do with this. Professor Thompson will succeed him. The Hughes instruments will be used, and it is confidently believed that with them three hundred words per hour can be transmitted.

AN ENGLISH BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—In England lately, a suit for breach of promise of marriage was brought by a fisherman's beautiful daughter against a captain in the English army, fixing damages at $50,000. The love letters of the gallant captain were so numerous that they were printed for the accommodation of counsel, making in all a volume of one hundred and ninety-eight pages. The matter was finally compromised by the payment to the injured lady the sum of ten thousand dollars, with the promise that the volume of letters should be burnt.

ON Thursday week, in one of the Judicial districts of Tennessee, an election was held for a Judge of the Court of Appeals. Judge Wright was the only candidate known to be in the field, but the returns as far as received, indicate the election of Judge Walker, who, unknown to Wright's friends, had been nominated in secret.

LAST week an old lady by the name of Ross, who is now 82 years old, walked from the Chester county poor house to her son's, in Chandlerville, a distance of 14 miles, in four and a-half hours, stayed over night, and walked back the next day. She seemed quite smart, and did not complain of being tired.

THE Royal Morgan, well known as the steel or cream horse, is 37 years old. He is owned by John Gregory, of Northfield, Vt., who has declared his intention to exhibit the old veteran in harness at the State Fair to be held in Burlington, (Vt.) next month. He eats no hay, but subsists chiefly on meal, oats, shorts, potatoes, &c., and appears in a thriving condition. His step is still quick and nervous, and he trots as square as ever.

The Buffalo Courier states that Mr. M. V. B. Buel, managing operator of the telegraph office in that city, has invented a new telegraphic instrument, which is believed to be superior to any now in use. By an ingenious arrangement of the machine, despatches can be sent over the same wire in opposite directions simultaneously. The instrument will send 48,000 words an hour.

KAISE, a London artist, has succeeded in photographing an exploding shell. The view is taken as the shell emerges from the smoke, and shows three-eighths of an inch of its track. It is curious that in every instance there is in the smoke about the shell a phantom human head, not visible to the eye, but quite distinct in the photograph. It is no doubt the reflection of the shadow of the gunner.

THE most desperate piece of coolness we have heard of recently, was that of a young man named Maynard, in Bad Ax county, Wisconsin, whose leg was recently amputated. While the leg was being taken off he *coolly asked for a chew of tobacco, and inquired the price of a cork leg*, saying that he intended to have one as soon as he got well and could earn one.

IT appears that, of the French conscripts drawn for the year 1857, nearly 18,000 have purchased for themselves exoneration from military duty, at the price of 1,800 francs, or £72 each, paid by them into the military chest, or army donation fund. The entire amount paid in, therefore, is nearly £1,300,000; out of which the administration now takes upon itself to provide the necessary substitutes, whom it finds chiefly by the inducements held out for re-enlistments.

Two French gentlemen who are great bibliopoles, have agreed (in disgust at the plebeian universality of most books at the present day,) to *print a book for themselves only*. Two volumes of it will be the whole edition. It is to be printed on vellum, with most costly engravings, type cast exclusively for it, splendidly bound, and all the materials afterwards destroyed—each biblio-ristocrat remaining in lordly possession of one.

TRINITY BAY, Sept. 10.—Mr. De Sauty, the Electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph station, at this place, declines to make any statement relative to the Atlantic Cable for publication beyond the positive assurance to the agent of the Associated Press that there are only temporary difficulties, of an electrical nature, and no reason whatever for any rumor that the cable had parted.

A PROBABLE FALSEHOOD.—The *Boston Post* contains the following, which is probably just about as true as the falsehood recently set afloat by some slanderer respecting the young Prince of Wales:

We are sorry to say it—we do not wish to say it—but must, as faithful chroniclers, say it, namely: Victoria's daughter, Mrs. Princess of Prussia, quarrels with her husband; or, Mr. Prince of Prussia quarrels with Mrs. Princess—that is, they do not think exactly alike, and Mrs. Victoria is with the "happy pair," trying to tie the "true lovers' knot" a little tighter. The story that the young princess actually ejected the prince from the nuptial couch by placing her royal little feet against his royal highness's ribs, and then suddenly extending her royal curved organs of locomotion into a positive bee line, is doubted by Prussian engineers.

☞ The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single blessedness! "Go marry!" is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon, beginning with the birds of paradise and ending with apple-blossoms.

THE WORKING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The London Morning Post gives the following interesting account of the working of the telegraph:

The slowness of the signals through the Atlantic telegraph cable does not depend on the retardation of electricity in passing through the length of wire. If the wire were suspended in the air there would be no difficulty in transmitting as rapidly as the instruments could be worked; but when the wire is covered with gutta percha, and immersed in water, it retains the electricity, and the charge once communicated to the wire requires time for its discharge.

The first signal made is transmitted almost instantaneously through the conducting wire to the instrument at the other end; but the wire does not readily part with the charge, and the electricity it retains prevents the effect of a second signal from being perceived on the distant instrument. This peculiar effect begins to be perceived in an immersed wire at a distance of fifty miles, and increases in force as the distance increased, so that, at 200 miles, communication by Morse's telegraph would be impracticable, unless means were adopted to counteract the detaining influence of the external conductor. When the telegraph to the Hague was laid down, the difficulty of transmission through a submerged wire became for the first time observed, and the Morse instrument then employed would not act in consequence. But the difficulty was shortly overcome by discharging the wire after each signal, which was done by sending an electrical current in the reverse direction. With the needle telegraph the effect had been scarcely perceived, for in the ordinary working of that instrument the electrical currents are continually reversed; but with the recording instrument, in which the electricity operates always in the same direction, a special arrangement for reversing the current becomes essentially necessary. How far that arrangement only will suffice to clear the wire has not yet been determined, but it seems evident that it is insufficient for the Atlantic cable.

If the difficulty that has arisen were owing to the retardation of the electric current, there would be little hope of its being overcome, for the natural velocity of electricity could not be increased; but when it is known that the slowness with which one signal follows another is attributable to a peculiar condition of the wire, which has been effectually neutralized, by special arrangements, for a distance of two or three hundred miles, it may be reasonably expected that other contrivances may be adopted that will overcome the difficulty, even across the Atlantic.

A CARD FROM CAPTAIN DE RIVIERE.—The *Courrier des Etats Unis* of Saturday publishes a letter from Captain De Reviere, the hero of the Blount affair, which letter we translate as follows:

To the Editor of the Courrier des Etats Unis:

NEW YORK, Aug. 2, 1858.

MR. EDITOR:—Finding myself at last delivered from the judicial persecutions to which I have been so unjustly subjected, I come to ask of you a rectification of the facts which have been communicated to you, and which have been so calumniously applied to my person. I declare that I have never in any way been connected with fraudulent bankruptcies, consequently that I have never been mixed up with judicial proceedings in France. Such matters may relate to an individual whose name resembles mine, but I am indignant that they should be attributed to me or any member of my family.

Since the year 1844, I have not ceased to belong to the French army, and I am now on furlough (*en non activite*) for temporary infirmities resulting from wounds received in the Crimea. (The very words of the document signed by Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War.)

As to the matter which has served as a pretext for the prosecution of which I have been the victim—the pretended abduction of Miss Blount—I declare all that has been said a lying and malicious invention. I personally deny having ever abducted Miss Blount, and still less Madame Blount. My part in that affair was limited to accompanying, upon their demand, and to protect, at their request, two ladies who endeavored to escape from an odious tyranny. I am ready to do so again.

Hitherto I have been unable to defend myself, but now I intend to do it, and to obtain justice for the attacks, which all who are acquainted with me know to be malignant. I await from your impartiality, sir, reparation of the wrong which, upon false information, you have done to a man who walks with head erect because he has the right to carry it so.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my perfect consideration. CAPT. H. A. DE REVIERE.

The *Courrier* gives credit to the Captain's statement.—*Exchange Paper.*

De Riviere has since been arrested and held to bail in New York, for an assault upon a so-called Col. Grant, of the Mexican army, who would not fight two of De Riviere's friends, Prince De Beaureau de Craon and Lieut. Bosquet, a cavalry officer of the French army, nephew of Marshal Bosquet, although he had promised to do so—publishing a card that he would fight any gentleman among them.

CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL BY STEAM.—From recent experiments in England it would seem that the practicability of cultivating the soil by steam has been successfully tested. The Royal Agricultural Society recently offered prizes for a steam plough that could be used by practical farmers in turning up the soil. The prize of $500 was awarded to the steam plough patented by a Mr. Fowler. The Council conferred on Mr. Howard, another patentee, a medal of honor for his steam cultivator. It is now merely a question with farmers whether it will pay them to employ steam in tillage. The judges reported that twenty of these steam cultivators have been successfully worked by tenant-farmers. The daily working expenses of Fowler's machine they estimated at £2 6s. On the light land the work done per day of ten hours, including stoppages, was 7¾ acres, the soil being moved by four ploughs 6 inches deep by 3 feet 4 inches wide. On the heavy land the work of ten hours amounted to five acres, the same furrows as before being taken. It was then tried with two trenching ploughs, the width being 20 inches, the furrows from 12 to 14 inches deep, and the quantity of work done was 2½ acres. Here we see the increased cost of deep ploughing. The estimate of the judges for the light land was 7s 2d per acre, for the heavy land 9s 2d per acre, and for trenching 18s 4d per acre. On the light land the work could not have been done by horse power for less than 8s per acre, and on the heavy land 12s 6d per acre. The trench ploughing could not have been done by horse power at all; it must have been done by manual labor at a cost of £6 13s 4d per acre. Thus, for ordinary ploughing, steam power as at present applied, saves one-fourth of the cost, but its real value consists in enabling the lands to be deep ploughed, at a moderate cost, in a way hitherto only used for market gardening.

NEW RAILROAD.—We understand, says the New York Times, that the American railway negotiation in London, alluded to by the last telegraphic despatch from Halifax, has reference to a company not generally known on this side, but organised to secure a broad gauge line from the Erie Road to Olean or Little Valley, through Pennsylvania and Ohio, to connect at Cincinnati with the broad gauge Ohio and Mississippi at St. Louis. The programme has never been fully published on this side, and the reported negotiation—the substance of which, we hear through a party recently from London, there is no reason to contradict—has been conducted with singular boldness, both in London and Paris, the names and influence of the American Ministers in both capitals being employed by leave! We shall, probably, know more of the affair by the next mail.

LADIES ROWING MATCH. WHAT NEXT?—While the ladies of New York are exhibiting themselves in the public display of their equestrian powers, for a premium, their sisters in Canada have a new way of exercising their bodies, not less effective. The Collingwood Journal says that on the 17th of August four ladies contended in a boat race for a prize of $25. The bay was dotted over with every description of boats, large and small. In the midst of all appeared a trim little white boat, in which were seated two ladies dressed in white, without hats or bonnets, oars in hand, ready and apparently anxious for the contest. Soon another boat, black, and somewhat larger than the other, launched out from the shore with two lady rowers, also dressed for the occasion with black straw hats, arms bare, and as cool and calculating as you please. At the signal, the firing of a gun, the boats started, and after an exciting race the black came in some fifteen lengths ahead. The rage for publicity seems to be growing upon womankind.

WHAT CIGARS ARE MADE OF.—An invoice of foreign cigars, "real Havanas," were recently appraised at the New York Custom House, at $3 per thousand, but the importer being dissatisfied, a new appraisement was made, which resulted in the admission of the cigars at $1 50 per thousand. The evidence, under oath, by which a change in the appraisement was made, was this: That not a particle of tobacco entered into the composition of said cigars, but that they were wholly composed of oak and other leaves, soaked in a strong tobacco lye.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Supplies of Flour come in slowly, and with a light stock holders have been very firm in their demands. There has been, however, but little export demand, and only 3000@4000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,25@5,37½ ₱ bbl for old stock, $5,62½ for fresh ground, chiefly of the latter description, including 600 bbls "Stafford" at $5,87½@6; 600 bbls on terms not made public, and 1500 bbls extra at $6@$6,50. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been to a moderate extent, within the range of these figures, and from $7@7,50 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has been steady at $4 ₱ bbl, but the offerings have been trifling. Of Corn Meal there is very little here; 6000 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of all descriptions of grain this week have been moderate. Wheat meets a good demand for milling at last week's quotations. Sales of 32,000 bus at $1,25@1,30 for fair and prime Red; $1,10@1,20 for inferior do: and $1,30@1,40 for Pennsylvania and Southern White, including some choice lots of the latter at 3@5c above the latter quotation. Rye has been in better demand. Sales of 2000 bus old at 76@80c, and new at 70c. Corn has been in good request, and the advance noted at the close of last week has been well maintained. Sales of 15,000 bus Yellow at 87@90c in store, and 88@90c afloat; 10,000 bus mixed Western sold on private terms. Barley is dull at 65c; 400 bus Barley Malt sold at 80c. Oats have been arriving freely and have been in good demand. Sales of 10,000 bus at 43@44c for prime new Southern; 44c for Pennsylvania, and 48@50c for old Oats.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of all descriptions from the West have been trifling, and the stocks of Pork, Bacon and Lard are now very much reduced. In Pork the transactions have been confined to a few small lots of Mess at $18. Prime is scarce, and held at $15. City packed Mess Beef is steady at $18@16,50 ₱ bbl cash. Prime Beef is worth $9,50@10, but the market is bare. Bacon—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm at last week's quotations in consequence of the very limited amount offering. Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 11@13c; Sales at 9½@9¾c, and Shoulders at 7½c, cash and 60 days. Of Green Salted Meats there is now very little left in first hands. Sales of 80 casks Shoulders at 6½@7c, 60 days. Lard continues scarce, and the receipts have about ceased. Small sales of bbls at 12@12½c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash. Butter—There has been a better demand, without change from former quotations. Sales of both Solid Packed and Roll at 11½@14c ₱ lb, cash, as in quality.

COTTON—The late foreign advices have caused a better feeling, and holders have put up their prices ⅛@⅛c. The receipts and stocks are small, and the demand has increased: sales of 1120 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½c for inferior up to 13½c cash for middling fair, chiefly at our highest quotation. The first bale of new Cotton was received at Mobile on the 4th ult.

BARK remains without change. Sales of 120 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $31, and 30 tons Shaved Black Oak at $19 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark there is very little coming forward. A cargo of Chestnut sold at $11 per cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good Yellow is taken on arrival at 21c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL has been dull, but the stocks at the Eastward are light, and as the cold weather approaches it is anticipated that there will be more vitality in the trade. The present cargo rates for Schuylkill White Ash are $3,25@3,40; Red Ash at $3,44@3,60 and Lehigh at $3,75 ₱ ton, cash free on board at Richmond and Bristol. No sales of Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet, as the stock of Rio in first hands is completely exhausted, and there is little or none near at hand. Sales of 900 bags at 9½@11½c, and 950 bags Laguayra at 12c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS continue very scarce, and good Western readily command 58c ₱ lb, cash, which is an advance.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is not very abundant. Green Apples range from $3½ to $4 ₱ barrel. Dried Apples are scarce and wanted. In Dried Peaches nothing doing. Green Peaches are selling at from 75c to $3 ₱ basket.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES are held firmly, but there have been no transactions.

HOPS are held firmly at the recent advance but the demand is limited. Small sales of new Eastern at 20c, and old crop at 10@12c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market has undergone no change and the demand for Pig Metal is quite limited. Sales of 1000 tons No 1 Anthracite at $21, No 2 a $20 and No 3 Forge at $18 ₱ ton, cash. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value. For Bar and Bloom as well as Boiler Iron, there is not much inquiry, and no variation to notice in prices.

LEAD is held with increased firmness, but there is little or no stock here in first hands.

LEATHER is unchanged. Prime qualities of Spanish Sole and Slaughter are in demand, while inferior qualities are neglected.

LUMBER has been exceedingly quiet. A cargo of Delaware Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $1 ₱ M feet, and some Southern Flooring at $18. Laths are dull at $1,15@1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The receipts and stocks continue light, and there has been rather more inquiry. Sales of 200 hhds North Side at 30c; Clayed at 26c; Porto Rico at 49c, on time, and Portland Syrup at 26c.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is steady. Sales of 35 bush prime to good quality at $5,62½@6 ₱ 64 lbs—the latter rate for *new crop*, and some from second hands at 9c ₱ lb. Timothy continues to arrive freely, and 2000 bush sold at $2@2,12½ ₱ bush. Of Flaxseed the market is bare, and is wanted; 400 bush brought $1,70 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held firmly. E Rum is in limited request at 38@40c. Whiskey continues somewhat unsettled. Sales of 500 bbls at 25@26c for Ohio; 25c for Penna; 34½c for hhds and 24c for drudge.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, but with light receipts and a light stock holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1100 hhds Cuba at 7(8¼c; some Porto Rico at 7¾@8¼c, and 150 boxes Havana at 7¾@8¼c, on time.

TALLOW is scarce. Small sales of City Rendered at 10c, cash.

TOBACCO—Prices are firmer for both Leaf and Manufactured, and for some descriptions of the latter a further advance has been realised. The accounts from Richmond as well as from the West indicate high prices in those quarters.

WOOL—There is a good demand for the medium and low grades, of which the stocks are now extremely light, while for other descriptions there is but little demand. Sales of 240,000 lbs, ranging from 31 to 35c for No 1 pulled and common, and 36@47½c, cash, for quarter and full blood.

THE CAPTURED SLAVER.

A writer in the Charleston Mercury states that the Africans found on board the brig Putnam, were purchased on the West coast at from 60 cents to $4, and costing scarce more than $10 or $15 to be delivered on the coast of Cuba, and were all to be sold by contract at $500 round, or $177,000 for the cargo. The writer, who paid a visit to them, gives many other facts of interest. About 250, including 50 females, are in comparative good health, and the rest suffering from disease. That they belong to various tribes is evident from the difference of shades and their keeping in separate groups.

The U. S. brig Dolphin arrived at New York on Monday, having on board Capt. Townsend, the commander of the Echo, as a prisoner. He will be kept in the custody of the frigate Sabine to await the requisition of Mr. Hamilton, the United States Marshal of South Carolina, who has the Echo in custody for adjustment. Captain Townsend is a native of Rhode Island, and has a wife and three children residing in Providence. He is about thirty-three years of age, and a man of superior address and education. He is tall and well formed, and has prepossessing features. He speaks freely upon the affairs of the voyage of the Echo, and states that he was driven to engage in the slave-trade because of ill success in his voyages in legitimate commerce. After the Echo left New Orleans, he states that he called the crew aft and said to them that he proposed to go into the slave trade, and promised them $500 each if they would continue on the voyage. The Portuguese and Spaniards were probably aware of the nature of the voyage before it was projected. All the crew acceded to the proposition. Instead of proceeding to St. Thomas, for which port she had shipped, the Echo shaped her course for the Coast of Africa. When she reached Congo River she landed two Spaniards, the slave agents, who went to look after the cargo, and the Echo proceeded to an island on the coast for water and fresh provisions.

When off Sagua la Grande, on her return, she discovered the Dolphin making towards her under British colors. She supposed the Dolphin to be a Spanish brig, which had hoisted British colors for a ruse, not supposing that there was any American vessel of war cruising among the West Indies, or if there was, that any American vessel would take a sufficient interest in the matter to interfere. When it became evident that the Dauphin was gaining on her, the crew of the slaver knocked out the hedges from her masts, and sawed down and cast overboard her bulwarks, to increase her speed. At the same time the liquor closets were opened, and the excitement of the chase was heightened by the general intoxication of the crew.

After a chase of nearly nine hours the Dolphin fired two blank cartridges at the Echo to make her show her colors. This was not regarded, and Captain Maffit ordered a shot to be fired, which passed a few feet from her stern. The Echo then ran up American colors, and the Dolphin immediately hauled down the British flag and ran up the stars and stripes. The next shot fired passed between the masts of the slaver, and seeing that she was now entirely at the mercy of the Dolphin the Echo then hauled down the American colors.

Captain Townsend is connected with an honorable family in Rhode Island. He distinguished himself in the war with Campeachy for his determination and bravery. He is somewhat dejected and melancholy, but is confident of escaping the extreme penalty of his crime by the verdict of a South Carolina jury. He expresses his gratification at being captured by an American vessel of war, and is grateful to Lieut. Maffit for the kind treatment he has received at his hands while a prisoner. He has not at any time been placed in irons but has been confined below decks, and guarded by a sentry.

The Government concluded on the 8th an arrangement with the American Colonization Society, by which the latter agrees to subsist and instruct the captured Africans for one year after their arrival in Liberia, having a due regard to their health and comfort. For this service, somewhat less than $50,000, which was originally proposed by the Society, is to be paid.

"PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP."—The northern part of St. Lawrence County, New York, and most of the region immediately adjacent to Lake George, is regularly visited by gentlemen from this region who go there to fish, hunt and find recreation. A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from that region, gives the following account of a party of "philosophers," with whom people here are pretty well acquainted:—

"On Follensby Pond, a beautiful lake of three miles in circuit, is encamped a party of Boston gentlemen, whose character and acquirements have given to their shanty the name of the Philosophers' Camp. Knowing some of the gentlemen at the camp, and being commissioned by Martin to carry up some stores, we paid them a visit and found the party consisted of Professor Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professor Jeffries Wyman, James Russell Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Stillman, Mr. Binney, Mr. Hoar, and Dr. S. G. Howe, with ten guides. A headland overlooking the blue expanse of the waters, and overhung by the mountains, had been selected for the camp, and an excellent spruce covered shanty had been built for the visitors, and a tent used for the guides. A fire of trunks of trees burned the beacon by night, and the pillar of cloud by day, while an American ensign waved a sublime ostentation over the roof.

The camp was a permanent one, and its arrangements complete. A butchery, where deer and fish were cut up and the offal buried, a kennel for hounds, a landing for boats, and a covered kitchen for preparing dinner, were a portion of its accompaniments. The habits of the philosophers were as well arranged as their camp. At daybreak they all bathed in the lake and then separated for the different pursuits of the day. Agassiz catches bugs and other insects with an industry and enthusiasm that astonishes the guides, who are more bent on getting rid of the same insects than in securing them. Sam Dunning, one of our guides who saw him, imitates his manner very successfully, running round as if endeavoring to catch some imaginary insect, which he at last secures, either in the air or in his mop of hair, and then as he pinches him between his thumb nails, exclaims—'A rare fine specimen of a bog, verse.' Dr. Wyman collects specimens of the anatomy of the wild animals of the district, and the distended stomachs of deer may be seen, inflated with wind and tied up with threads between different trees, like huge spiders waiting to entrap you. Holmes shoots and writes, Emerson reads and watches Stillman fish, and when the day's amusements are ended, the supper dispatched, and the whole party are gathered around the big fire, earnest in their talk and lively expression, it would not be amiss to affirm that no such coterie of minds is assembled at one hearthside from the end of the chivalry to where 'the fisher baits his angle and the hunter twangs his bow' on the Larchen banks of the Tennessuta."

WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT OF TRUE.—M. Sharni, a French machinist, has, it is said, perfected his aerial ship, at a cost of 300,000 francs, and made a voyage to Algiers, Africa, and back with it—a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the starting point: the average speed was almost one hundred miles an hour, the voyage occupying eighteen hours. M. Sharni is to make the attempt from Havre to the city of New York, as soon as he has tested the character of his invention by a few short trips over the Mediterranean and its neighboring provinces.

GOVERNOR KING, of New York, has declared Staten Island in a state of insurrection, and has ordered out troops to protect the quarantine.

☞ A young spark, who boarded at one of the principal hotels in San Francisco, had managed for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became quite impatient, and stepping up to his juvenile boarder, slapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money. "I have not a cent about me at present," was the laconic reply. "But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I cannot afford to keep a boarding-house without being paid." "Well," exclaimed the young philosopher, "*If you cannot afford it, sell out to some one that can.*"

☞ MAN.—A province packed up in two yards of skin.—*Dana.*

☞ A new Law is generally the child of a new Evil.

☞ In society, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

☞ What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.—*Virgian.*

☞ While Shame keeps its watch, Virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart.—*Burke.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 30 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	—	—
" " '68	—	—
" 6 " coupon '68	103½	—
Phila 6 pr ct	98½	98¾
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	—	96
Pitts 6 pr ct	85	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Allegy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" " County R R issue	51	52
" " County 5 pr ct Penn RR issue	83	—
Penn 6 pr ct	100	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	96
" 5 "	89	89½
Tenn 6 pr ct	80½	92½
" 5 " coupon	77	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100	103
Missouri 6 "	84½	84½
Ohio 6 " 1856	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia "	—	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	102	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	82	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136½	—
Philadelphia	115	116
Far & Mec	57½	58½
Commercial	48	49
N Liberty	57	60
Mechanics	27	27½
Southwark	28	29
P Township	34½	34½
Kensington	62½	65
Girard	12	12½
Western	61	75
Man & Mech	26½	27½
Commerce	40	45
Tradesmen's	20	25
City	95	—
Consolidation	24	—
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	20	26
Germantown	64	69
Pittsburg, Pitts'g	48	50
Exchange "	53	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	—
Northern "	116½	121
Louisville "	108	109
Farmers "	114	—
Union, Nash., Tenn	100½	100½
Planters "	100	105
Gas Light	123	130
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	21	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	¼	¼
New Grenada	¾	¾
N America Ins'ance	13½	14
N Liberties Gas	28	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	52½	53
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	101
2nd "	91½	92
" stock	43¾	44
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	86	—
" stock	102½	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	83	86
mort 6's '44	92	—
" '65	100	101
" stock	94½	94½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	84	—
" stock	—	43
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	82	—
6 pr ct loan '70	98	100½
Chas Val R R	78	80
Tioga R R	75	90
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	72½	—
2d "	50½	51
stock	102	104
Catawissa	64	69
Little Schuylkill stock	48½	55½
preferred 10 pr ct	37	—
loan	—	—
North Penna R R stock	64	65
6 pr ct loan	60	64½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	55½	56
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct 1st loan	80	80½
stock	—	—
Har and Lan R R stock	58	60½
bonds '87	91½	92½
L Schuylkill R R stock	26	27
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	78	—
Erie R R stock	19½	—
Hudson River R R	27½	—
N Y Central "	79½	—
Michigan Central	58	—
Illinois "	74½	—
Michigan Southern	24½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	65½	66
6 pr ct	69½	70
stock	9	9½
preferred	16½	16¾
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	50
mort 6 pr ct	87½	92½
scrip "	31	32
Morris Canal'd	42½	43½
preferred	101	101½
Ches & Del	40	41
bonds	77½	80
Union	3	3
bonds	36	38
Sus & Tidewater	—	5
bonds 1878	46½	47

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	10 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Leg, each	31¼a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,25
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Seut and trotters, lb	10 a12½
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₩ set	12½a25
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	15 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	18
Onions ₩ rope	12	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Barrels potatoes, ₩ basket	1,25	Com pot's, ₩ box	1,00a1,37½
New pot's (N J), ₩ bush	1,00a1,25	Onions, box	50
Sweet potatoes, ₩ lb	6½	Cauliflower, each	12 a18
Corn, ₩ basket	87½a1,12	Tomatoes, ₩ basket	12½a37½
		Squashes, ₩ basket	37 a62½
		Cabbages, ₩ head	4 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	2,00a2,50	Canteloupes	1 a 5
Do ₩ apk	25 a37½	Watermelons	50 a75
Peaches, ₩ basket	37½a50		
Do ₩ crate	$3 a5		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	50 a87	Reed Bird ₩ doz	50 a 37
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1,25	Rail ₩ doz	62 a 50
Teal ₩ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ₩ lb	10 a12½
		Sob Pigeons, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₩ 100	50 a75	N Y do, ₩ bbl.	10,00 12,00
Do. ₩ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	12
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	31 a35	Salt do, lb	1½
Lard, "	12 a13	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	16 a19	Pm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish	5 a 8	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry Cod	4 6	Smearcase, cake	2
Halibut, lb	12½	Salmon lb	25 a37
Blue Fish, lb	12	Sheep head	13

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 11, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks 1 dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Crawford & Tioga no sale	Solv bks 1 dis
Shamokin 10 dis	ALABAMA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks 1 to 5 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
DELAWARE.	All bks uncertain
Solv bks par to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.
MARYLAND.	Solv bks 1 dis
Baltimore ¼ dis	OHIO.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
NEW YORK.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
MAINE.	INDIANA.
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank 1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
VERMONT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
CONNECTICUT.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 5 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	MICHIGAN.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	Galveston 5 dis
Solv bks ½ dis	CANADA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks 1 dis	

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 11.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 5000 bbls at $5,50@5,65 for State. Wheat dull and nominally 1@2c lower. Corn buoyant; sales of 20,000 bush Pork dull at $17@17,50.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERBEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 87 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS, CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY, and DIARRHŒA, JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM will be found a certain and safe remedy. It has been the standard remedy with hundreds of families for *nearly thirty years*, each year adding to its popularity and usefulness. To every mother we therefore say, keep a bottle of it constantly in your house, as it may thereby be the means of saving the life of some of your family. It is pleasant to the taste, and the youngest children will take it without difficulty. The following certificate is worthy perusal:

HOWARD'S GROVE, Sheboygan Co., Wis.
DR. D. JAYNE—

Some time ago my wife was attacked with Diarrhœa, which continued for three weeks, and during that time she was attended by different physicians, who, with all their skill, could not stop the disease. I had lost all hopes of her recovery, when I happened to think of your Medical Almanac, and after having consulted it, I found that you recommended your Carminative Balsam. After my wife had taken two doses of it she had some relief, and two bottles effected a perfect cure. GODFREY HASSE.

The Carminative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States and Canadas. ar18-5t

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH

Should at once be attended to.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere, will cure all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the Hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. See advertisement.

THE QUESTION SETTLED!—Those eminent men, Dr. James Clark, physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his Balsam of Wild Cherry, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

IF THERE be any of our readers who doubt touching the magic powers of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER to remove pain, we advise them to buy one twenty-five cent bottle and give it a trial. We never yet know it to fail. Sold by druggists and grocers.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 522 Market Street, Philada. ar11-16t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JACOB CROUSE, to Miss HARRIET WARRINGTON, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, HENRY J. DAVIS, Esq. to Miss AMANDA T. daughter of N. Longmire, Esq. both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., Mr. JOHN S. WILSON, of the firm of Kilgore, Wilson & Co. to Miss ANNA E. PRAY, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, Mr. JOHN C. GRAY, of this city, to Mrs. FANNY SMITH, of Gloucester city, N. J.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. Maison, Mr. DANIEL DRAYTON, to Miss REBECCA S. EVANS.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Alfred Nevin, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL JEFFRIES, to Miss ADELAIDE BARBOUR, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Cuthbert, Mr. THOMAS S. NIPSON, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss REBECCA B. BERRY, of this city.

On the 8th of June, by the Rev. John G. Wilson, Captain WILLIAM S. COWARD, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY F. KERR, of Bristol, Bucks county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SARAH SELFRIDGE, aged 67 years.

On the 4th instant, Miss SARAH BECK, aged 72.

On the 4th instant, MARY JONES, aged 55 years.

On the 5th instant, GEORGE W. UNDERWOOD, aged 26 years.

On the 5th instant, Miss L. HEMPHILL, aged 22 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZA JANE, wife of Jas. Wilson, aged 28 years.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE DIXON, aged 58.

On the 3d instant, Mr. ADAM JOHNSTON, aged 75 years.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES W. GUNNELL, aged 53 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH HUGHES, aged 76 years.

On the 30th ultimo, JAMES MURRAY, aged 49.

On the 30th ultimo, HONORA NEBINGER, aged 70 years.

On the 29th ultimo, SARAH ANN, wife of Wm. J. Mullen, aged 52 years.

On the 28th ultimo, GEORGE W. METZ, aged 76.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED.—An Agent in every County, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my Publications, sent on application. Address

DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
ar4-tf No. 33 S. Third St., Phila., Pa.

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)

ACTON & AYRES,
aug21-eowtf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages of particulars, gratis.
jly24-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

FISHERMEN—If you wish to catch any kind of Fish as fast as you can pull them out, get Gardner's Secret Art for Catching Fish, sent for $1.
ar4-3t N. R. GARDNER, Peace Dale, R. I.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE "OLD DOMINION."

There is a State well known to Fame,
That every man admires,
The noblest of the "Old Thirteen,"
The State that "never tires."
The mother, she, of Presidents;
And it is our intention
To show that she has given birth,
Through genius and invention,
To something more than one who rules
The people of a nation.
That is, a boon to bless mankind
Throughout the vast creation.

One of the Old Dominion's sons
Fond of his coffee, very,
Conceived a plan by which to get
The flavor from the berry;
And as we live in days of steam,
He thought he'd not eschew it,
To bring about what he desired;
Steam was the thing to do it.
A coffee pot he then did make,
On which he placed reliance;
In its construction, based upon
The principles of science.
He made it for a coffee pot
That would defy all scandal,
And then the "Old Dominion" he
Placed on it as a handle.
The "Old Dominion Coffee Pot"
'Twas christened at its birth,
And with this name was patented,
A boon for all the earth.
A priceless boon that will conduce
To happiness and health,
And bless us through economy,
Which is the road to wealth.
This fact is fixed, and may it be
Proved to a demonstration;
And that it may be understood,
We'll give an explanation.

In all old-fashioned coffee pots,
Soon as the coffee boils,
The fragrant berry of its sweets,
The subtle steam despoils;
Then, laden with aroma, it
Escapes from lid and nose,
And with the coffee's virtues all,
Right up the chimney goes.
Insipid slops alone remain,
This simple fact revealing,
That steam has only left behind
What was not worth the stealing.
But, in the "Old Dominion," steam
Is in its course arrested,
And of the sweets it has purloined,
Is suddenly divested.
Athwart its path, set as a trap
A reservoir is found,
And, laden with its stolen sweets,
The steam therein is drowned.
No fragrance, therefore, can escape;
No virtue can be wasted;
Two facts the "Old Dominion" proves
When once its coffee's tasted.
But try a cup, you'll find it will
Of choicest nectar savor—
A drink well worthy of the gods,
Delicious in its flavor.

Don't think that, if you lay aside
The pot you have been using,
And buy an "Old Dominion" Pot,
You are your purse abusing;
It is not so; what you invest
Is far from being lost,
The coffee saved within a year,
Will ten times pay the cost.
There's not a household using it,
But holds to this opinion.
And if you're wise, you'll go at once,
And buy an "Old Dominion."

THE "OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT"

Is manufactured, under the Patent for the United States, by

ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,

117 *and* 119 *South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Also manufacturers, under the Patent of

ARTHUR'S CELEBRATED

SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS & JARS,

And the "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT.

☞ For sale by Dealers in Housekeeping Articles, and Storekeepers generally. 1t

$100.000. A gentleman, having more capital at command than he knows how to use profitably at present, is open for a GOOD OFFER in a *paying enterprise*. An ingenious man who can concoct a *brilliant scheme*, or an enterprising man knowing a good CHANCE can do no harm, and may do well by addressing, with outline of particulars,

CAPITAL,
1t Box 1366 P. O., Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC CABLE—Pieces sent by mail, *postage paid*, 1¼ inches long 25 cents, 2 inches long 50 cents, 4 inches long 70 cents, ferruled, and with CYRUS W. FIELD'S Certificate of its *genuineness*. One 4-inch piece sent to any College, Academy, School, or Sabbath School, for 50 cents. Send Bills or Postage Stamps—give your Post-office, County and State.

CHARLES MERRILL & SONS,
1t Hardware Dealers, 536 Grand St., N. Y.

SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, FIVE PER CENT. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.
ar18-26t

AN INTERESTING BOOK.—I will send by mail (pre-paid) FREEDLEY'S new work, PHILADELPHIA AND ITS MANUFACTURES, extensively noticed in Post of 11th, on receipt of price, $1,25. It contains 490 pp., handsomely illustrated. Great *inducements* offered to BOOK AGENTS or persons willing to act as Agents for this and other books. Address publisher,

EDWARD YOUNG,
ar18-tf Box 166 P. O., Philadelphia.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET, 922 Chestnut St., established by FOWLER, WELLS & CO., is open day and evening for examinations and sale of Books and Journals. Books sent by return of mail at lowest cash prices. Catalogues sent gratis. ar18-3m

HOW TO OBTAIN THE FISH AND EELS out of a Creek or River by a NEW PROCESS; no labor or expense; heretofore known to but very few. *No Humbug.* Process, 25 cts. Address J. H. DUFF, Urbana, Ohio.

BY SENDING 25 CTS., or that amount in Letter Stamps, I will send to any address 21 Recipes, formerly costing from $1 to $5 each. Reader, send soon. I will warrant them to give entire satisfaction. Address

ar18-3t H. S. MARSH, Litchfield, Conn.

ALL THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED with any CHRONIC DISEASE considered incurable, will receive a LETTER giving information which will insure a speedy and permanent cure by sending their names and one stamp (to pre-pay postage) to DR. E. B. FOOTE, the celebrated Chronic Physician, and author of "Medical Common Sense," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
ar18-13t

500 CANCERS CURED.—For $1,00 I will send one Box of the CANCER COMPOUND, which is warranted to cure all kinds of Cancers. Address H. HERTZEL,
1t Shirleysburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Ninth Annual Session of this Institution will commence on Saturday, the 16th of October, and continue for five months.

For further information apply personally or by letter to E. RUSSELL, M. D., Dean.
ar18-3t 621 Arch St., Philada.

THE MASTER-SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF

NAPOLEON THE THIRD,

With Biographical Notices of his most distinguished MINISTERS, GENERALS AND FAVORITES.

BY

SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, A. M.,

Author of "Court and Reign of Catharine II.," "Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia," "Life of Alexander Hamilton," &c., &c., &c., &c.

This interesting and valuable work is embellished with Splendid Steel Plates, done by Mr. Sartain, in his best style, including the

EMPEROR, THE EMPRESS, QUEEN HORTENSE,

AND THE

COUNTESS CASTIGLIONE.

The work contains over 400 pages of closely printed matter, and has been prepared with much care from authentic sources, and furnishes a large amount of information in reference to the

EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH,

HIS COURT,

AND

France under the Second Empire,

Which is entirely new to American readers. This work is the only one, either in English or French, which boldly and accurately describes

THE REAL CHARACTER,
THE PRIVATE MORALS,
THE PUBLIC POLICY, of

NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

Copies sent by mail on receipt of the price, $1,25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—We want active and energetic men in all parts of the United States, as Agents for this and other Popular Works, to whom we will pay the largest commission. Our list includes all the best *WORKS OF T. S. ARTHUR*; also, *"DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA," SMUCKER'S* LIFE OF DR. KANE, &c., &c. Send for our list, which is sent free. su21-tf

AMERICAN WATCHES.

We have now on hand an assortment of the celebrated American Lever Watches. They possess great advantages over the English or Swiss, being less complicated, more durable, and not so liable to get out of order. For keeping time they are unrivalled. Persons in want of a good Watch are invited to call and examine them. Also on hand an assortment of English and Swiss Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.

CASSIDY & BALL,
je5-tf No. 12 South Second St., Philada.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
jly24-3m 181 William Street, New York.

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

ELLIOT & PATTEN procure AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. *Inquiries regarding the novelty and patentability of inventions answered without charge.* Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia. feb23-eowtf

R. DOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. oc31-eowly

$25—THE BEST $25 SEWING MACHINE EVER INVENTED. The subscribers having obtained letters patent for a new DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE, that is not inferior to the best in the market, offer State and County Rights for sale on such terms as to make it the best inducement ever presented to engage in the Sewing Machine business. This machine is new in every respect. It will sew every kind of fabric, from stout leather to fine muslin, with either cotton, silk or linen thread, and is eminently worthy the attention of capitalists.

Address FETTER & CO.,
aug 21-tf 31 S. Sixth St., Philada., Pa.

FURNITURE.

PRICES REDUCED.

LARGEST AND MOST SELECT ASSORTMENT OF

FIRST CLASS CABINET WARE

IN THE UNION,

524 WALNUT STREET,

Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia,

GEORGE J. HENKELS,
my29-6m Formerly of 173 Chestnut Street.

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them.
au28-2m

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, *July* 19, 1857.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine.)

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I

Wit and Humor.

MEETING OF THE MONSTERS.

BY ULTRA MARINE TELEGRAPH.

At a meeting of the monsters of the deep, held at Cape Breton, yesterday afternoon, the Prince of Wales was chosen President, who stated the object of the meeting to be to decide upon the merits of the Atlantic Cable, its probable infringement upon the rights of original settlers, and generally to consider what it all meant. Suddenly, he said, they found this cable thrust down among them, which was calculated to deceive the small fry, as they deemed that it was something to eat. He himself had rubbed his nose against it, but could make no impression upon it. It was a little matter, but still it was to be looked at as opening a way through their domain, and he wished for a free expression of the opinion of the meeting. He was convinced that though they were fish they wouldn't be scaly about the matter, and if everything was satisfactory, he for one would say, let it slide.

Thomas Cod, Esq., was one that had been deceived by the line, and had, in his efforts to bite it, broken out several of his front teeth. [A voice in the crowd—"Go to the dentist's and get some new ones, and charge them to the telegraph company."] He heard the suggestion, and perhaps should profit by it, but his feelings were outraged by the deception.

J. Shark, Esq., of the detective force, said that as he was chasing a delinquent mullet, he came in contact with the line, and received a severe injury in his head. He begged the company to look at the wound. [He removed a large piece of kelp and revealed a deep mark over his right eye.] He confessed that he had been staggered by the blow, and asked if the company would see anybody injured in that way.

Sergeant Swordfish, of the Marines, declared that he had been startled by what he had heard. The domain of the main had been invaded, and he, for one, was ready to throw away his scabbard, and go and saw off the cable.

King Fish, Esq., took the same view as his military friend, and went in for cutting off.

Mr. Horse Mackerel thought there was cause to suspect anything in this line they couldn't see the end of. For his part, he thought all respectable fish should raise their tongues and sounds against it.

Jolly Porpoise, Esq., rose to speak, when every fin ceased to vibrate, and a universal smile spread over the audience. He said he had not come to make a speech, but he was of opinion that he might say something, as he usually did when he spoke. He was for introducing pacific measures, even though this was in the Atlantic. [Laughter.] He was not one to believe that that line was going to affect any fish that was not a chowder head. [Hear, hear.] If fish would confine themselves simply to cold water, there would be no danger. For his part, he was disposed to blow for the new line. [Cheers.]

Mr. O'Shun Shadd had come to listen rather than take any active part in the business of the meeting, but he and his companion, Mr. Bluefish, from a summer visit to the Glades, had learned to respect Yankee prowess, and would say if that enterprising class of animals had anything to do with the present mysterious arrangement, he wouldn't oppose it, because it would do no good. It was bound to go.

Mr. Bluefish responded, "That's so!" and a young Tautog, whose ancestor had fallen at Compton, wiped away a briny tear, as he endorsed the response.

Mr. Deepsea Cod didn't see much cause for uneasiness, although he could not feel a direct interest in the matter, as, thanks to science, he was now master of a little ile of his own, in which his interest was concentrated. The cry of "Liver" he had just heard in the crowd, did not affect him. He threw back the imputation, and would say that through his liver many human lights had been kept from going out. He was a philanthropist, and was willing to sacrifice himself so long as it would pay.

Mr. Bigg Blackfish did not apprehend much trouble from it, only he was opposed to all innovations. He didn't believe in any new fangled notions at all, and thought that by consenting to let the cable remain, they were encouraging the vagaries of the fish out of water. He would move the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the long line across our territory is an infringement, and should not be allowed.

This resolution was discussed by Messrs. Cod, Haddock, Dolphin, and others chiefly in opposition, when the resolution was lost.

It was then voted that the cable be allowed to remain, and the proceedings were ordered to be published, to be furnished through the cable, a battery of electrical eels having volunteered their services for the occasion.

After thanking the president for the polite and impartial manner in which he had discharged his duties, the meeting dissolved in deep water.—*Boston Gazette.*

A MINISTER'S WALK AND CONVERSATION.—The editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian, who is at the Virginia Springs, has heard a good story of Speaker Orr and the Rev. Dr. W., of Lexington. Not long since, the story goes, they were both at the Warm Springs, and met in a public room of the hotel. They had been sitting with other company, and after awhile the doctor rose and walked across the room with the usual limp in his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked if he were not the chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the University, and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my *limping* made a deeper impression on you than my *preaching*." The joke placed Mr. Orr in an awkward predicament, and most men would have been unable to extricate themselves, but he replied with ready wit:—"Ah, doctor, it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say he is known by his *walk* rather than by his *conversation*."

A DOCTOR'S LIFE.—The following are some of the sweets of a doctor's life: If he visits a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get his dinner; if he don't do so it is because he cares more about the fleece than the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else to do; if he don't it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. If he has a good carriage, he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one, on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft soap the people to get their money; if he don't make them he is afraid of a cent! If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast it is to make people think somebody is very sick; if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud; if he does not he is wanting in self-respect. If he works on the land, he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work, he is too lazy to be anything; if he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows;" if he don't talk, "we like to see a doctor social;" if he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone; if he don't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colors;" if he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he don't, it is unjustifiable negligence; if he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he don't, he is an infidel; if he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them, it is from professional selfishness; if he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to it on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors; if he gets pay for one-half his services, he has the reputation of being a great manager.

THE HEAT AND LIGHT OF THE SUN.—Considering the enormous and incessant emanation of light and heat from the sun, the question has often arisen whether the volume of the sun undergoes any diminution. If the high temperature is kept up either by electric currents or by friction, no loss of volume would be sustained; but if, according to the hypothesis of Newton, light is produced by the actual emission of luminous particles, a diminution of volume would appear to be a necessary consequence. Observation, however, can afford us no information on this head; for, supposing an actual diminution to be going on at such a rate as to lessen the diameter by two feet in twenty-four hours—which, having regard to the sun's magnitude, may be considered as enormous—three thousand years would elapse before the diminution of the apparent diameter would amount to a single second. The great mystery, according to high astronomical opinion, is to conceive how so enormous a conflagration—if such it be—can be kept up. Every discovery in chemical science here leaves us completely at a loss, or rather seems to remove further the prospect of probable explanation. New theories are constantly being propounded, most of which are either at variance with all the established laws of astronomical science, or otherwise inherently absurd.

THE HOOP.—Leigh Hunt goes into ecstacies when describing the additional beauties which the hoop added to the female figure. "When it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became not an habiliment, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in an hemisphere out of which the rest of her person rose like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was at proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible—she was borne along; she was wafted; came gliding." Thompson, in his juvenile days, was also seized with this madness for the hoop. He writes:

"One thing I mind—a spreading hoop she wore,
Than nothing which adorns a lady more;
With equal rage could I its beauties sing—
I'd with a hoop make all Parnassus ring."

STENOGRAPHY.—This mode of writing was known to the Greeks; and Plutarch, in his life of Cato informs us that the celebrated speech of that patriot relating to Catiline's conspiracy was taken in short hand. Cicero, at that time consul, placed *notarii*, or short hand writers, in different parts of the senate-house to preserve the speech. We are also further informed that Titus Vespasian was remarkable for the rapidity with which he wrote short-hand. He not only applied it to purposes of business, but of diversion; it was his custom to get his amanuenses together, and entertain himself with trying which of them could write the fastest.

THE REPUTED OLD TIMES.—The craving for strong excitement which formerly drew crowds of all classes to witness executions, &c., is curiously illustrated by the fact that the heads of the rebel lords placed over Temple Bar in 1747 were objects of great attraction; telescopes were fixed for the use of the curious at a half-penny a peep. "Not thirty years ago," says Mr. A. Hayward, in one of his essays, "it was customary for the governor of Newgate to give a breakfast to thirteen or fourteen persons of distinction on the morning of an execution. The party attended the hanging, breakfasted, and then attended the cutting down."

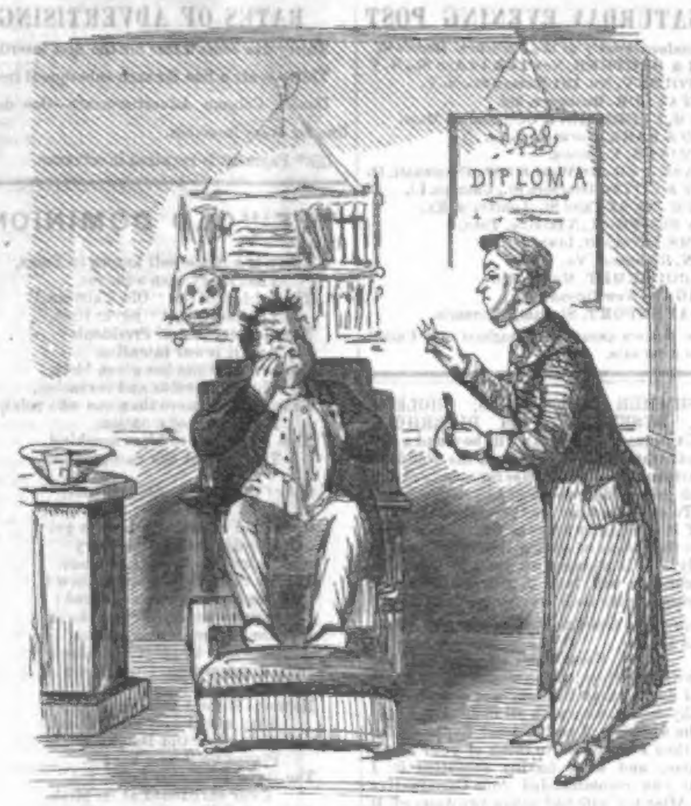
☞ A clergyman, who lives on the seashore, says he prefers calm Sundays, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

☞ THE CUT DIRECT.—We once heard of a Kentuckian, whose amazing strength was attended with very fatal consequences. He was cutting a slice of bread and butter, when the knife slipped, and cut himself in half, and two men behind him.



A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

YOUNG PRACTITIONER.—"Hem, very odd—I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with *this* tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them—no matter how many I take out."

Agricultural.

STORING GRAIN.

I see it proposed in a late Mark Lane Express, to use hermetically sealed canisters for the storing of grain, on the plea, that "there can be no doubt, if we were to put dry wheat into a hermetically sealed tin can, it might be kept as long as the famed Mummy wheat of Egypt," to which it is replied, "This will be readily admitted, but the expense would be queried;" while another proposer adds, "The wheat canister should be a wrought iron or cast metal tank of greater or less size according to the wants of the owner, rendered impervious to moisture and atmospheric influence by a top hermetically closed, covered outside with a coat of hydraulic or other cement, and if necessary, first with a coat of preservative varnish; the air-chamber closed with an iron plug or lid with a pad of leather, caoutchouc, or gutta percha introduced between the parts in contact, and by an inner cover adapted to the neck of the chamber, hermetically sealed."

On reading this exact and capital mode of management, attended with so much trouble and cost, I was led to the remembrance of the best and cheapest granary that I had ever known, and which I should consider as all-sufficient for every common purpose, the fittings up being just in proportion to the quantity of grain to be preserved, and perfectly rat, mouse, and weevil proof, as well as (after the first cost) inexpensive for a generation. Such a fixing I witnessed at a farm in New Jersey, where all seemed just as it should be, and to appearance the arrangement had seen much service. It consisted of four, five, or more stout iron-bound casks, placed on a wooden rack, sufficiently high for a dog or cat to pass under, with a bung-hole in each cask to receive the pipe of a hopper by which to fill it with clean, well dried grain, and rendered completely air-tight by a simple wooden plug driven tightly into the bung-hole immediately after the filling; while a large tap with a spiggot was fixed in the head of each cask, by which to draw off the grain when needed, each spiggot being secured by a small padlock, to prevent depredation. It must be remarked, these casks require to be made of perfectly seasoned wood to prevent shrinkage, but if this should ever take place, the evil is repaired by merely driving the hoops tighter. It may be needless to add, before any grain can be drawn from the tap of one of those granary bins, air must be given by removing the vent-plug, being careful to replace it immediately afterwards.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD GARDEN SEED.—The importance of good seeds for the production of good garden vegetables, cannot be overrated. When poor seeds are planted, of course an inferior or worthless product is the result. The practice of saving the latest ripened seeds prevails to a great extent, or of depending entirely upon the seedsman for a supply. Neither practice is a good one. The reasons against the first, are very obvious—those against the last, are, as a general rule, seeds furnished by the seedsman have not been carefully cured, but the whole crop, good and bad, is thrown in and sold as good seed.

The way to raise good radishes is not only to have a good soil but good seed. The radish is a biennial, but if a worm strikes, it will ripen its seed the first season, and the reproduction from such seed will be wormy radishes. Plant good seed the middle of July, and grow a stock radish from which to ripen seed the next year, and from such seed you may raise good radishes, but certainly not from the first mentioned kind.

The temptation to appropriate to table use the first produced, or ripe vegetables, I know is very great; but the true way is to allow the first sets of tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes, corn, beans, &c., to ripen for seed. Ripening the first sets, and consequently those nearest the root, for seed, not only keeps up the characteristic qualities of the vegetable, but gradually brings it into bearing a little earlier each succeeding year. In this way it is that earlier varieties are induced; whereas, by collecting seeds from the refuse of the vegetable garden in the fall, a constantly inferior vegetable is produced. By a little pains-taking in this direction, the horticulturist may always supply himself with reliable garden seed.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE CROPS.

The information we have received from our exchanges and correspondents, since the publication of our August number has satisfied us that the views we then expressed respecting the wheat crop were correct. Indeed, the deficiency has proved to be much greater than we had then supposed, and the disaster attendant upon this year's culture of that important cereal far wider spread. This is true also of the oat crop, and particularly in our own, and the adjoining States of Delaware and Virginia. The best information we have from Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, is that there is a large deficit in the wheat crop in all those States, and in most of them, oats have almost totally failed. In New York, the quantity of wheat produced is considerably less than that of last year, though as in other instances, the quality is better. In Pennsylvania there is probably an average crop of wheat. In Kentucky, though the crop will probably prove above the average, yet it is less than that of last year. In Tennessee the crop generally is a good one, and of good quality, and the same may be said of much of that of Missouri; but the failure in North Carolina of both wheat and oats, has been more disastrous than in any other State. Of the corn crop in Maryland and Virginia, the promise is by no means as bright as it was a little earlier in the season. The long continued drought in these States, as well as in Delaware, has had a most injurious effect upon this product, and the crop will be much smaller than was anticipated. In Tennessee, the great corn growing State, the yield will, according to present advices, be unusually large. In Ohio there will be a great deficiency. From all quarters, however, except in a few localities where the grasshoppers have committed their ravages, we have accounts of heavy and abundant crops of grass. The tobacco crop in Maryland in consequence of the dry weather, will fall much below the average; and in many instances, will not prove more than half a crop. From the letters of our correspondents we have reason to believe that the same causes in Virginia will produce a result similar to that in Maryland. The cotton and cane crops at the South give promise of abundant yields and good quality. The fruit crop the country over is far below an average. In some districts the yield will be good, but in most there is a failure. In Ohio there is a failure in 24 out of 52 counties, and in the rest a falling of ½ to 1-10. Of the grape crop in that State, it is said in the Cincinnati Gazette, that there will be almost an entire failure. The crop of apples in Illinois is much below the average. In Eastern Pennsylvania there is an entire failure of the apple crop, but in Massachusetts the prospects are favorable for a large yield. In Michigan the fruit crop will be small. In South Carolina and Georgia the peach crop has been abundant. In Delaware, owing to the late frosts of Spring, there will be but few peaches. In Maryland some of the large peach growers on the Eastern Shore will pull a heavy crop; but, owing to the weather, it is not probable that the fruit will be as large as usual. The apple and pear crop in this State is very far below the average, and in some places it is almost a total failure.—*American Farmer for September.*

HORSES RUBBING THEIR MANES AND TAILS.—In your Impression of June 19, I observe a correspondent has sent you a recipe for "horses rubbing their manes and tails," and you also recommend turpentine. Allow me to offer you the following recipe, which I have always used, and found thoroughly efficacious, and at the same time, most pure, cleanly, and simple:—Sulphuric acid lotion—oil of vitriol, 3 drachms; rain water, 1½ pints: to be well shaken together. (This is a very clean lotion to rub on a horse when you find him rubbing and biting himself.) Rub the lotion on the parts with a sponge two or three times a day.—*Ohio Far.*

WASH FOR TREES.—Make a firm soap of one part of lamp oil (no matter how much candied) and six or eight parts of strong ley or potash solution; one part of this soap and eight of warm water—apply with a brush or cloth attached to a long handle. This wash has been used on young trees with perfect success, entirely destroying the aphis, when the trees were nearly covered with them, and giving to the bark a healthy and vigorous appearance. Apply the wash in February or March.—*Maine Farmer.*

CIDER VINEGAR.

There are hundreds of farmers in the western country, who are most of the time, either destitute of vinegar entirely, or make use of some *slops*, which is not only unpalatable, but decidedly unhealthy. The vinegar manufactured from acids enters largely into the consumption of towns and cities, and to some extent, into that of the country also. Whiskey, with all its adulterations, is used for the purpose of making pickles, and, in that manner lends its aid to the destroyer of human life. Many other different methods of procuring the sour of life are practiced, and many of which are not only productive of deleterious influences to the health of ourselves and our children, but require far more labor than ought to be bestowed upon that branch of a house-wife's business. We live in an age of labor-saving machines, and we ought to economize, both in labor and money, as well in the less important matters of living as in the more important. Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider, which you extract from the apples, does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose. Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, add a half pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun, or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs, and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar, if they will follow the above directions.—S. L., *in Northwestern Farmer.*

THE BORER.—Now is the time for farmers to examine their young trees to ferret out and destroy the borer. They can be found with but little difficulty, by the dust thrown out in their destructive operations. Turn up the soil an inch; sometimes they are pretty well buried. We have found a piece of wire the best instrument with which to put an end to their career. A knife, by cutting hastily away the bark, frequently destroys the tree, and should never be used. A wire, on the contrary, after the hard portion often to be found at the entrance of the worm, is removed, can be forced into their holes and crush them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Useful Receipts.

PEACH LEAVES FOR YEAST.—Mrs. Daniel B. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., says the Rome Courier, has discovered that peach leaves are superior to hops for making yeast. The bread made from it is quite as light and equally well flavored. We understand that the yeast is made in the same way, except that dried peach leaves are used instead of hops.

WORTH A TRIAL.—Mullen leaves smoked in a pipe, in which tobacco has never been used, are said to be a sure cure for the bronchitis.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—A medical journal says that the decoction of boxwood has been successful in cases of baldness. Four large handfuls of stem and leaves of the garden box are boiled in three pints of water in a closely covered vessel, for fifteen minutes, and allowed to stand in an earthen jar ten hours or more; the liquid is then strained, and one ounce and a half of cologne added, and with this solution the head is well washed every morning.

IMPORTANT HINT IN WASHING CLOTHES.—The American Agriculturist asserts that the great secret of the success of nine out of ten of the washing fluids, mixtures and machines which have been sold over the country for many years past, is not owing so much to the inherent qualities of the articles themselves as to the process of soaking, which they invariably recommend. If people pursuing the old-fashioned system of washing will simply take the precaution to throw all the clothing to be washed into water ten or fifteen hours before beginning operations, they will find half the labor of rubbing and pounding saved in most cases. Water is, of itself, a great solvent, even of the oily materials that collect upon clothing worn in contact with the body, but time is required to effect the solution. Every one is aware of the effect of keeping the hands or feet moist for a few hours—the entire external coating of secretion is dissolved. The same effect is produced by soaking for a few hours clothes soiled by the excretory matter of the skin.

GOOD RECEIPT FOR CITRON PRESERVES.—Prepare the rind, cut into any form you desire; boil very hard thirty or forty minutes in alum water, tolerably strong; take them from the alum water and put into clear, cold water, allow them to stand over night; in the morning, change the water, and put them on to boil; let them cook until they have entirely changed color, and are quite soft; then make your syrup, allowing one and a half pounds of sugar to one pound of fruit; then add your fruit, which needs but little more cooking. Mace, ginger, or lemon, flavors nicely. This receipt is the best I ever saw.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.—I send you a recipe which can be relied on. Boil the corn, then cut it from the cob and spread it on a cloth in a room where the air will circulate freely, taking care not to let the sun shine on it.—*Country Gentleman.*

CHINESE WIT.—Somebody writes from an American vessel in the Chinese waters that a worthy missionary had scattered several copies of the Ten Commandments on the shore. The next day they were sent back, with the request that they might be distributed among the *French* and *English*, for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much needed them.

☞ Boswell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland—"I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson: "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 7, 19, 6, 11, is a species of black tea.
My 2, 30, 7, 14, is a book in the Bible.
My 17, 20, 3, 13, 5, 26, is a succession of sounds.
My 27, 7, 10, 16, 30, 15, 16, 14, was a navigator.
My 4, 33, 17, is a resinous substance.
My 12, 24, 8, 35, 29, 32, 23, is a county in Georgia.
My 14, 2, 21, 19, 6, 32, 17, 34, 30, is the supreme council of the Jews.
My 9, 34, 25, 6, is a fish.
My 11, 28, 2, 1, was a King of Israel.
My 17, 11, 8, 3, is a float of wood.
My 14, 31, 17, 34, 21, 19, is a season of the year.
My whole was a battle fought in 1814.
Lancaster Co., Pa. A. H. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 13, 17, 7, 39, 16, 41, 35, 10, 40, 22, 6, 21, 2, 26, 31, 33, 8, 19, 11, 34, is one of Shakspeare's plays.
My 39, 16, 21, 38, 42, 29, is one of the planets.
My 18, 36, 25, 7, is a capital of one of the German states.
My 13, 3, 26, 4, 27, 32, 1, 19, 12, 30, 5, 29, 21, 23, 9, 3, is one of Scott's novels.
My 28, 33, 24, 40, was a celebrated American lawyer and orator.
My 14, 36, 39, 4, 20, 39, is a despised class of people.
My 27, 38, 20, 3, 39, was a Scotch poet.
My whole is a character recently exciting attention. CLIFFORD J. RANDOLPH.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man who is by rum accurst,
Doth very often become my first;
'Tis a fate of all I think the worst.

My second's an article used by all;
'Tis found where the alligators crawl;
'Tis seen in every water-fall.

To those who do in cities dwell,
My third to them is known so well,
I'd *light*-ly speak any more to tell.

Three men in a bowl once took a sail;
Another man had a ride in a whale.
But my fourth will ride you "on a rail."

I'm pretty near the end of my rhyme;
Can you guess what I am in a week of time?
I am found in the sea; in a torrid clime.
GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hark! 'tis old Winter's chilly blast,
That through the trees is humming;
Wrapt in a cloud of darkness all—
It tells my *second's* coming.

A solitary, muffled figure,
Approaches yonder clearing;
A faint light o'er the distant hill,
Tells that my first he's nearing.

He had been absent since my whole,
I say it without scorning;
And was returning to my first,
To give some timely warning.
CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Omit my 5, 6, 7, 8, and I am an American currency.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and I am a nickname.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a deep excavation.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am used for fishing.
Omit my 4, 5, 8, and transpose, and I am an English currency.
Omit my 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a metal.
Omit my 3, 4, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am used in gaming.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, 8, and transpose, and I am a kind of tree.
My whole is a poisonous insect.
Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

ANAGRAMS

On Towns in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

Saw nothing.	At it, mare.
Saw a pig.	Chew in rest.
Shout on.	On Rome.
O, I am club.	Colt heart.
Sal Ald.	I a rope?
Born a G.	Fun lot.
Now get gore.	One dent.
Done or we.	Dan Yot.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A had two pigs to sell; he asked $4,75 per 10 pounds for them; but B gave him $4,50 per 10 pounds and 12½ cts. on each pig. On weighing them A found that he had got his asking price within 9½ cts. How much did his two pigs weigh?
JOSIAH.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What key is the hardest to turn? Ans.—A Don-key.

☞ Why is a bee-hive like a defective potato? Ans.—Because one is a bee-holder, and the other is a spec-tater.

☞ Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Ans.—Because he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

☞ Why is a discontented man like a watch-house dog? Ans.—Because he is a growler.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—
"Burgoyne, unconscious of impending fates,
Could cut his way through woods but not through Gates."
HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The temple of Diana Ephesus. CHARADE—Larkspur. RIDDLE Earth—Heart, Hart, Art, Tar, Rat, Tear, Ear, Tea, Ate, Eat. CHARADE—Portugal. (Pour gal) ALLIGATION QUESTION—23½ lbs. of sugar.

Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.—*Mrs. Browning.*